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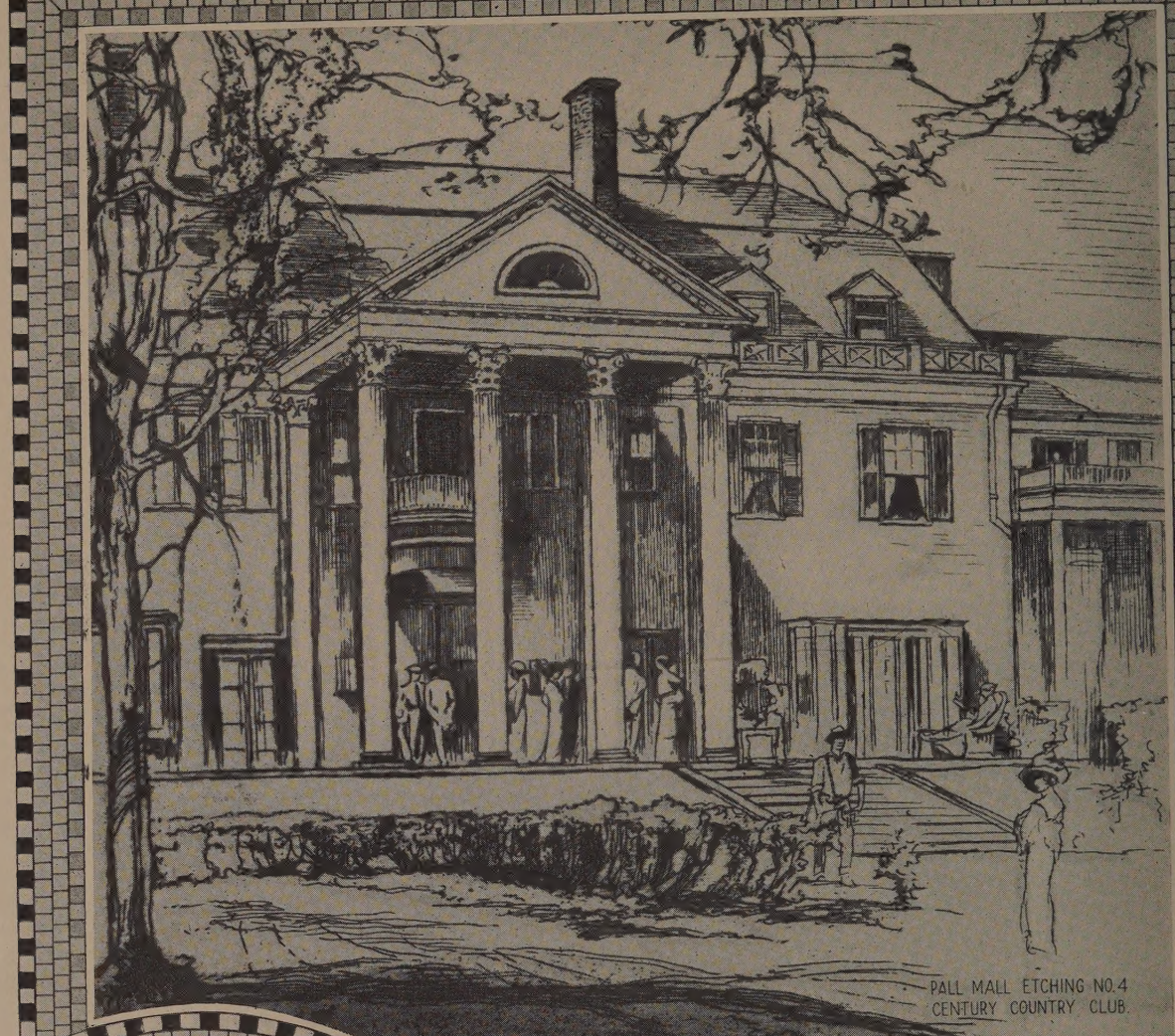

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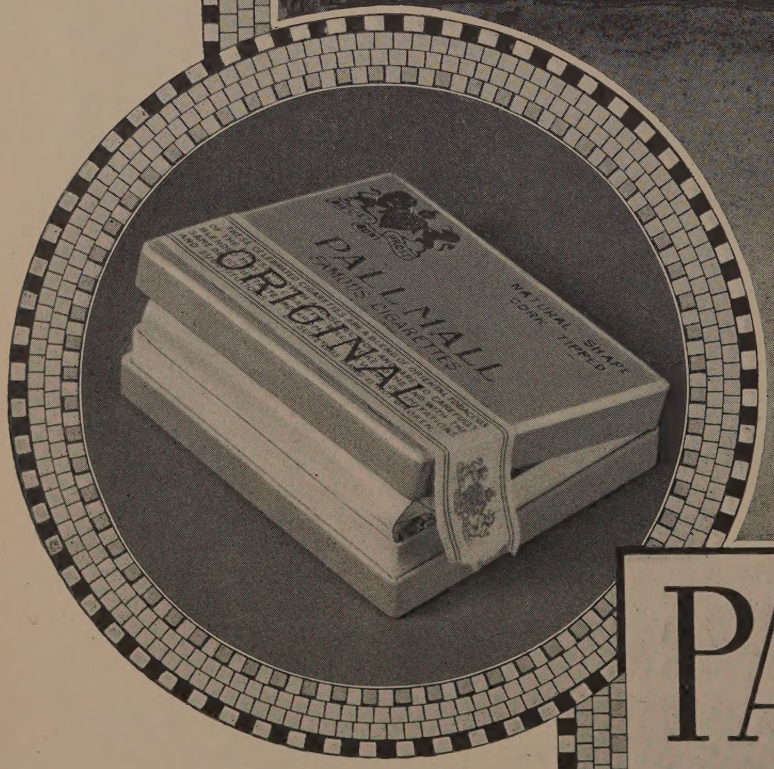

DIEU ET MON DROIT

A Shilling in London
A Quarter Here

PALL MALL

FAMOUS CIGARETTES

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April 1913

Byron

Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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By R. E. Olds, Designer

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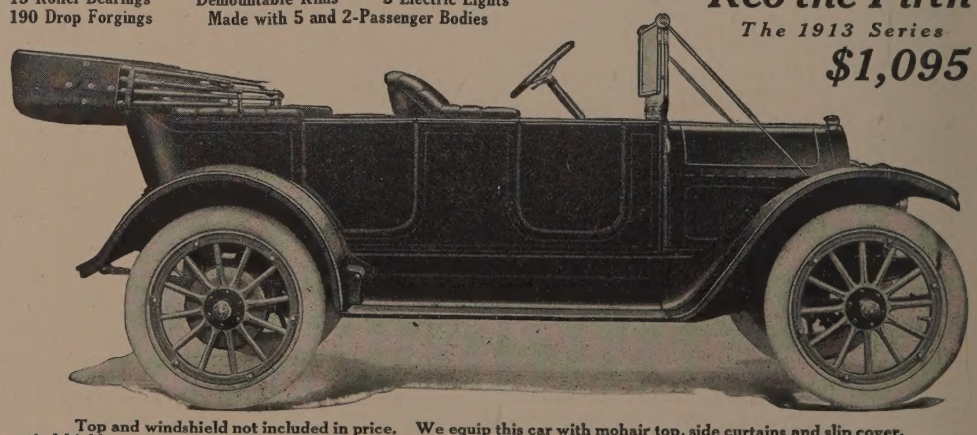

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THE THEATRE

VOL. XVII APRIL, 1913 No. 146

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MARTHA HEDMAN AND JOHN MASON IN "LIBERTY HALL," AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE

White

FRANCIS WILSON AND JOHN BLAIR IN ACT II OF "THE SPIRITUALIST" AT THE FORTY-EIGHTH STREET THEATRE

THE NEW PLAYS

THIRTY-NINTH STREET. "The Five Frankforters." Comedy in three acts by Basil Hook; adapted from the German of Carl Rossler. Produced on March 3d with this cast:

Frau Gudula	Mathilde Cottrelly	Gustavus	Edward Mackay
Anselm	Edward Emery	Prince Christopher	Walter Kingsford
Nathan	John Sainpolis	Prince Klausthal	Henry Stephenson
Solomon	Frank Losee	Count Fehrenberg	Henry Mortimer
Carl	Frank Goldsmith	Baron Seulberg	H. David Todd
Jacob	Pedro de Cordoba	Herr Van Yssel	E. L. Walton
Rose	Lois Francis Clark	The Canon of Rouen	E. F. Herbert
Lizzie	Evelyn Hill	Servant	Nicholas Joy
Charlotte	Alma Belwin	Princess Klausthal	Suzanne Perry
Boel	Noel Leslie	Princess Evelyn	Eleanor Woodruff

A really good and entirely satisfactory play is in itself a novelty in these days. "The Five Frankforters" answers a wider demand for a comedy of the right type than anything we have had for some time. Satisfactory as have been some of the unusual types of plays of late, here is something that is unusual without reaching out into the fantastic, and in that way is an unexpected relief. The play is romantic, but altogether humanly so; it is picturesque, but in keeping with the times and the locality of it; it is full of color in costume, but those costumes have a quaintness and a charm belonging to a period when dress had beauty and dignity; it is historic without any of the dryness of history; it has sentiment, but in situations that are entirely simple and tender; it has, above everything else, the qualities of common sense.

The title of the play is the only forbidding thing about it. One can only be reconciled to it after seeing the piece. The action does concern Five Frankforters, and they are five of the most remarkable men in the history of affairs in the world. To interest an audience in five men is no easy matter; but these five men happened to be the Rothschilds just at that part of their career when, with a firm hold, gained in this play, they began to dominate the financial affairs of Europe. For obvious reasons the bill of the play does not contain the name Rothschilds at all. The mother and grandmother in the story is designated as Frau Gudula, and the names of her sons are given as Anselm, Nathan, Solomon and Carl, and that of her grandson is Jacob. The four sons, at the invitation of the ablest of the sons, come from the different capitals of Europe, where they have their banking houses, in order to undertake the financing of a German prince. The beginning of the great wealth of the Rothschilds, according to the story or legend, is that it was based on information secured in advance of the result of the battle of Waterloo. The action and the scenes that might be developed from this form no part of the play. It is really a love story. Certainly, the trait of men with such a keen vision for business are brought into play. Each of these brothers is characterized, with their qualifications of master of finance, and they are very human. One of them, indeed, is a comedy character. His fondness for the things that his mother "used to make," and his perhaps silly gratification in the declaration which he receives from the Prince, make him very amusing. No time, however, is he not a business man. We assume

Shakespeare

"Obiit Anno Domini 1616.
Aetatis 53, die 23 Aprilis."

Dead are thy artist hands; to clay, long since,
Thy heart has turned—dead to all love or hate—
But Portia lives, and Lear, and shrewish Kate,
And Antony, and Denmark's gloomy Prince.
Upon thy worthy brow no Virgin Queen
Bestowed, in life, the gracious laurel wreath;
Safeguarded by a curse thou sleep'st beneath
Thy Warwick stone—the ivied wall is green.
Fame's chaplets are posthumous recompense
For human martyrdom, or patient deeds;
And Art survives when culprit human needs
Have slain her slaves—(Art is no slave to sense!)
Forever in her courts, thy praises ring,
Thou Poet-prophet—dead, uncrowned, yet King!

Eleanor Raeburn.

that he can see a dollar as far as any of his other brothers. All the characterizations are made with skill and delicacy by Mr. Carl Rossler, the original author of the Simon-pure original play.

The business transaction finally involves the taking over the revenues of the Prince, the leading banker making the condition that the Prince marry his daughter. It is the complication coming from this that really makes the play. The business episodes are exceedingly interesting, but the heart of the play is in the love affair. The mother and grandmother, beautifully played by Mathilde Cottrelly, sets herself up against this, unalteringly faithful to her race. Admirable sentiment, and acted with a lovely sincerity. Perhaps the girl would not have hesitated, but her cousin, the grandson, was slow in declaring himself. Perhaps the girl would have consented. Diamonds and rank and many advantages would come to her from marrying this comely young Prince. A fine young fellow he was, the Prince, a Prince Charming, although he was in debt.

Sarony

MARTHA HEDMAN
Supporting John Mason in "Liberty Hall," at the Empire Theatre

The love affair is managed with few words of sentiment, but there is plenty of sentiment in it. The climax, to speak in theatrical terms about a very natural play, is well handled. The father of the girl assures the Prince that his daughter will accept him and do as she is bid, for in his family the children obey their parents; whereupon the lovely old mother and grandmother bids her son obey him.

The cast is unusual in its evenness of performance; and this is very unusual, for there are 21 speaking parts, and each "part" is not a part but a whole. To speak of all these actors in detail would require considerable space. However, there will be few theatregoers who will not see and enjoy "The Five Frankforters."

EMPIRE. "Liberty Hall." Play in four acts by R. C. Carton. Produced on March 11th with the following cast:

Mr. Owen.....John Mason	Mr. Pedrick.....Wigney Persyval
Blanche Chilworth.....Martha Hedman	Mr. Hickson.....Sidney Herbert
Amy Chilworth.....Charlotte Ives	Miss Hickson.....Emily Dodd
Gerald Tanqueray....Julian L'Estrange	Robert Binks.....John Dugan
William Todman.....Lennox Pawle	Crafer .....Ada Dwyer
L. Briginshaw.....Wilfred Draycott	Luscombe .....Willis Martin

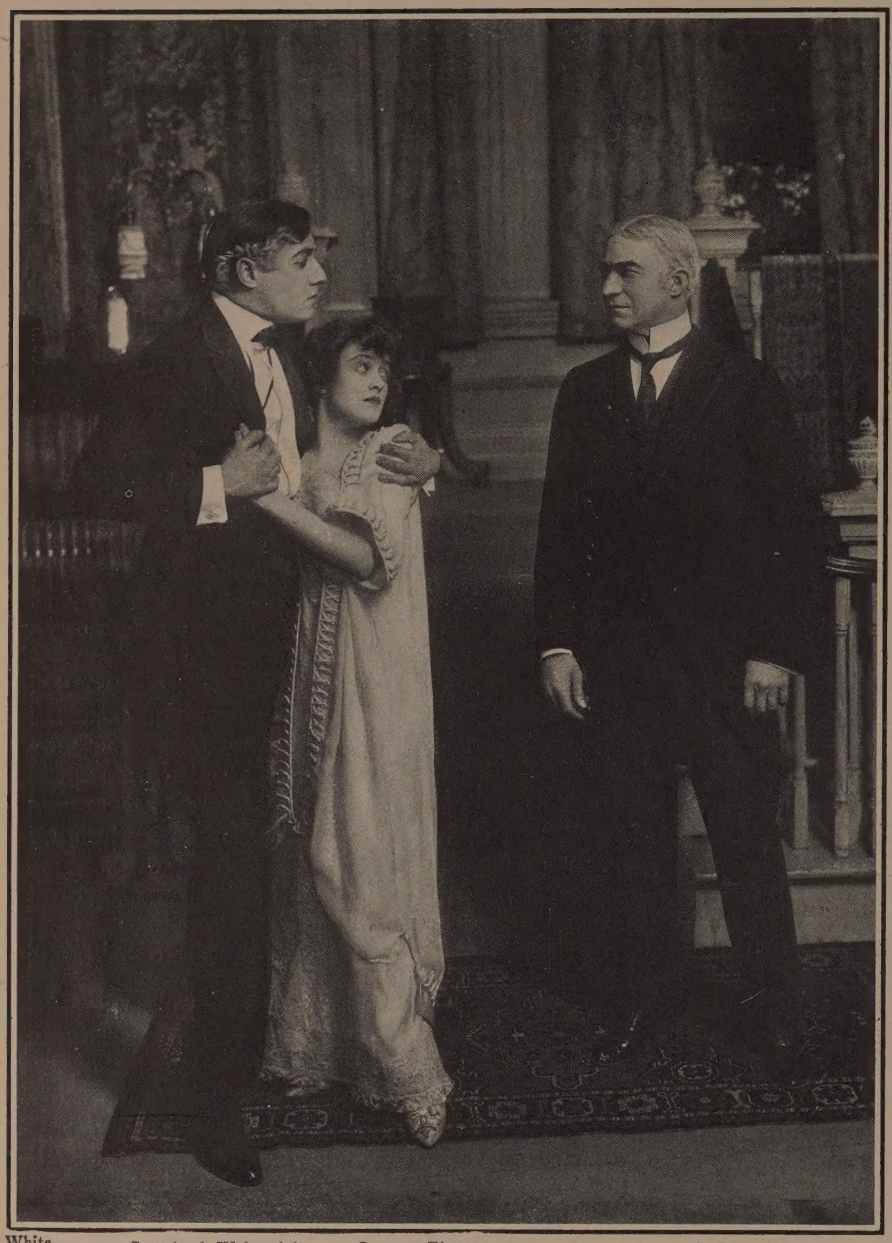
With the twentieth anniversary of the Empire Theatre came in celebration a revival of the play with which the theatre was opened, "Liberty Hall," by R. C. Carton.

The great test of a play is its ability to stand the wear and tear of time. Here is a play that counts only twenty years and yet is so old-fashioned, so transparent, so simple with its soliloquies and its obviousness that it might just as well be a hundred. One of the first functions of any play is to create such an element of suspense that the public is constantly waiting for something. In "Liberty Hall" one waits for that which is perfectly clear and tangible within ten minutes of the rise of the curtain on the first act. Nothing in art dates itself like a play. A picture, a statue, architecture, the art of the silversmith, even the composer and wine improve with age, but a play may date itself in a season or two. We take it this is because a play is a reflex of the manners of its period more than of thought itself which is constantly turning over from one age to its successor. In other words *autres moeurs autres gens*. And there is also the changing taste for plays, which dates a play more quickly than anything else. To-day public taste demands plays that are all action, whereas "Liberty Hall" just ambles along. Nevertheless, its homely sentiment, its felicity of dialogue and the interest in seeing an old stage friend, give it some value to the public of to-day.

Here is an outline of its story: The master of Chilworth having died insolvent his title and property go to a distant cousin under the English law of entail, leaving two daughters unprovided for. The girls are preparing to leave their old home to make room for the new baronet, when a person, who describes himself as a commercial traveller, arrives. He says he is a friend of the new owner and brings a message from him to his unknown cousins inviting them to stay at their old home as long as they like, as he does not intend to return to England for many years. This friend in reality is the new baronet himself. The elder sister haughtily refuses the hospitality offered and goes to live

White

SCENE IN ACT I OF JOHN PHILIP SOUSA'S NEW OPERA, "THE AMERICAN MAID," RECENTLY AT THE BROADWAY



White

Courtland Wainwright (Elliott Dexter) Lucene Blount (Katherine La Salle) Andrew (Edmund Breese)

Act III. Courtland: "Love is the only thing that is greater than hate"

SCENE IN DANIEL D. CARTER'S PLAY "THE MASTER MIND," AT THE HARRIS

with their uncle, a second-hand book seller, in whose house the last three acts are laid. The pretended commercial traveller takes rooms in the bookseller's house and the romance begins.

John Mason is starred in the part of "Mr. Owen." There is nothing to the part and Mr. Mason just walks through it, as Henry Miller did on its original production. Martha Hedman, a young Swedish actress, playing her second part in the vernacular, her first appearance here being in "The Attack" early in the season, did not show any marked advance over that in her first attempt. Indubitably she has presence and technique to make and hold her points, but her diction still leaves much to be desired. Why is it that the foreign-born actors master our language so much more easily than the women of the profession? Take, for instance, Mr. de Belleville (Belgian), Mr. Max Figman (Austrian), Mr. Frank Reicher (a German whose English diction is a model even for any English or American-born actor), these gentlemen are always intelligible, whereas Mesdames Modjeska and Rhéa rarely were, nor is Madame Nazimova. The first imperative need of the actor is to make himself understood.

The best part in this play for the actor, as it is in human interest, is that of the old bookseller Todman, delightfully played now as twenty years ago, by Lennox Pawle, pleasantly remembered in "Pomander Walk." Grateful mention is also due to Mr. Sidney Herbert as Mr. Hickson, Miss Emily Dodd as Miss Hickson of the original cast, to Miss Ada Dwyer as Crafer, to Wilfred Draycott as Brigmshaw, Julian L'Estrange as Harringay, Miss Ives and Amy Chilworth and Master John Dugan as the shop boy in love with Amy Chilworth.

HARRIS. "THE MASTER MIND." Play in four acts by Daniel D. Carter. Produced on February 17th with the following cast:

Parker, Harry Neville; Walter Blount, Morgan Coman; Andrew, Edmund Breese; John Blount, William Riley Hatch; Mrs. Blount, Dorothy Rossmore; Lucene Blount, Katharine La Salle; Courtland Wainwright, Elliott Dexter; Professor Forbes, Walter Allen; Freeman, Archie J. Curtis; Jim Creegan, Sidney Cushing; Mr. Marshall, Edward Gillespie.

There is a new crook in town. His alias is "The Master Mind" and he hangs out at the Harris Theatre. He is a very remarkable specimen. His equal is not likely to be met in even Lombroso's famous and comprehensive work on criminology. This moving and dominant figure in the underworld is named Allen. Whether he started "bad" or not is not very clearly revealed, but he had a brother sent to the electric chair on what he considered dubious evidence. It therefore becomes his life's work to get even with the District Attorney who conducted the prosecution. And very painstaking, ingenious and patient was this worthy in his efforts to bring about his revenge. Time was no object with him for he had a girl educated first that she might be the main factor in his hated one's undoing. The District Attorney fell in love with her and married her, the Master Mind having first supplied her with a bank robber for a father, a confidence queen and white slaver for a mother and a bunco steerer for a brother. His idea being to show them all up and thus ruin the District Attorney's social and political ambitions. It took a very considerable time to establish all this and then for further variety he rang in another crook in his efforts to make the District Attorney believe his wife was unfaithful

But the Master Mind's revenge fails in the end, because he has learned to love the girl he educated, and so goes out into the open a chastened and very melodramatic man.

"The Master Mind," written by Daniel D. Carter, is pretty crude and far-fetched melodrama. But in this era when everything associated with the underworld has its following of admirers, it is not surprising that the show at the Harris Theatre is attracting large audiences who seem to like the piece.

The acting in the play is very characteristic of its content. Every emotion is expressed in broad and sweeping values. The title rôle is played with intensity and reserve by Edmund Breese, who seems to thoroughly enjoy his task, while the quartet of crooks are portrayed with becoming dramatic fidelity by William Riley Hatch, Dorothy Rossmore, Morgan Coman and Sidney Cushing. There is an earnest District Attorney in the person of Elliott Dexter; an astute professor in Walter Allen, and a very engaging heroine in Katharine La Salle. The latter, in addition to being very pretty, has a very genuine emotional gift.

PLAYHOUSE. "THE PAINTED WOMAN." Play in four acts by Frederic Arnold Krummer. Produced on March 5th with this cast:

"Bull" Ormiston.....Robert Warwick	Samuel Willoughby.....Harry English
Portuguese Joe.....Malcolm Williams	Uriah Cotton.....Frank Peters
Tench .....Anthony Andre	Ramona .....Florence Reed
Long Rogers.....Eugene Powers	Ann Devereaux.....Jobyna Howland
De Rocheville.....Augustus Collette	Susannah .....Carlotta Marenzo
Graves .....Charles Fisher	Trix .....Amy Johnson
John Barton..... ....Charles Waldron	Peg .....Anna Rose

It was evidently water-colors that The Painted Lady affected, for under the rain of criticism which she drew forth her theatrical lure washed off and showed her up in all her thin and

wasted ugliness. It was a pity that Frederic Arnold Krummer's drama of the Spanish Main was so melodramatically futile and impossible because for its production at the Playhouse manager William Augustus Brady must have spent a small fortune on the two superb sets which served as a background for this drama of greed, lust, murder and sudden death. Port Royal, Jamaica, in 1670, when pirates were rampant, should have provided ample material for a stirring drama of those lurid and picturesque days. Movement and action enough there was in plenty in Mr. Krummer's story, but it didn't grip, and so "The Painted Lady" passed away. The title rôle was assumed by Florence Reed.

Drucker & Co.

TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL DINNER GIVEN BY THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN DRAMATISTS AND COMPOSERS AT DELMONICO'S

Among those present are Victor Herbert, Mr. and Mrs. Norman McKinnel, John W. Alexander, Daniel Frohman, Charles Klein, John Foster Platt, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Roi Cooper Megrue, Rachel Crothers, Alice Harriman, Mary Carr Moore, Col. Harvey, Margaret Mayo, Edgar Selwyn, Mr. and Mrs. Channing Pollock, Nathan Burkan, Otto Hauerbach, Isabel Kaplan, E. Yancey Cohen, Maurice V. Samuels, Walter McDougal, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Bruner, Augustus Thomas, Douglas J. Wood, J. I. C. Clarke, Norman L. Swartout, Mrs. Mechtold, Manuel Klein, F. W. Morrison, Julius Witmark, H. P. Mawson, Marshall P. Wilder, Rita Weyman, Rienzi de Cordova, Rida Johnson Young, Joseph Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Voegtlin, John Philip Sousa.

Hers was an impersonation of variety and tropical warmth. Then there was a lusty pirate, the Firebrand acted with breadth and vigor by Robert Warwick, and a very villanous lieutenant, a "Portugee," realized with faithful detail by Malcolm Williams. Charles Waldron was the good-looking New Englander who rescued the enslaved heroine, and Geoffrey Stein, as a hunchback, was her devoted servant. Had "The Painted Lady" been as good as its *mise-en-scène* it would be running still.

IRVING PLACE. "Gabriel Schilling's Flucht." Play in five acts by Gerhart Hauptmann. Produced on February 18th with this cast:

Gabriel Schilling.....Rudolf Christians	Doktor Rasmussen.....Heinrich Marlow
Evelyne .....Marie Buhrke	Klas Olfers.....Willy Frey
Professor Maeurer.....Otto Stoeckel	Kuehn .....Aug. Meyer-Eiger
Lucie Heil.....Annie Rub-Foerster	Der Lehrjunge.....Iffi Engel
Hanna Elias.....Mathilde Brandt	Schuckert .....Paul Dietz
Fräulein Majakin.....Rose Lichtenstein	Mathias .....Louis Praetorius

This play in five acts by Gerhart Hauptmann, the winner of this year's Nobel prize in literature, was produced for the first time in America at the Irving Place Theatre on February 18. It depicts the downfall of a talented weakling caused by the conflict between a humdrum wife and a vampire mistress—a theme which Hauptmann has used before this. The artist, in desperation, flees with a sculptor friend from the two women who have ruined his life and takes refuge in a small fishing village on the Baltic sea. But already the nervous strain has so affected Schilling's mind that when the Russian adventuress, his evil genius, discovers his hiding place and comes to reclaim her victim, he is seized with attacks which necessitate calling a physician from Berlin. He, kind soul, brings with him Evelyne, the quondam wife. The discarded drab and the hectic harpy meet in the presence of the raving patient and engage in a hand to hand fight, with such shrieks and epithets that it is no wonder that Schilling is left a gibbering idiot. In the last act he escapes from his keepers and ends his life in the sea.

In this latest product from the pen of Germany's great dramatist, not a trace is left of the poet who wrote "The Sunken Bell," but we find in its stead what we suspect to be a pandering to the sensation-loving palate of Berlin's jaded public. Occasional scenes have dramatic value but they are loosely connected with much irrelevant talk from the minor characters which is commonplace and often slangy.

Rudolf Christians competently met the heavy demands made by the rôle of the pathological Schilling and Mathilde Brandt gave a subtle impersonation of the cat-like Hannah Elias. Marie Buhrke's interpretation of the matter-of-fact wife was characterized by realism, almost too faithful. The other members of the company adequately rendered their allotted rôles.

COHAN'S. "Widow by Proxy." Farcical comedy in three acts by Catherine Chisholm Cushing. Produced on February 24th with this cast:

Gloria Grey.....May Irwin	Angelica Pennington..Helen Weathersby
Dolores Pennington.....Clara Blandick	Captain Pennington.....Orlando Daly
Gilligan .....Alice Johnson	Jonathan Pennington.....Lynn Pratt
Saphronia Pennington....Frances Gaunt	Alex Galloway .....Joseph Woodburn

Miss May Irwin is that rare individuality on the stage, less rare than formerly, a woman with the irrepressive spirit of humor in her and the capacity for fun-making. She would not be altogether irresistible, perhaps, if she did not have a training in her profession that enables her to make everything count. "Widow by Proxy," of no magnitude as a play, is pieced out from her individual resources. Certainly, the author of the piece, Catherine Chisholm Cushing, has been ingenious in devising a series of opportunities for Miss Irwin, but there are few actresses who could carry it all off so successfully. Gloria (an appropriately triumphant name for Miss Irwin in the play), Gloria Grey, overburdened with debt, but always resourceful in meeting it, has living with her, as friend, companion and help, a dolorous pseudo widow, with plenty of obstinate pride but no initiative. When the money troubles are at their worst, and when the fashionable dressmaker is most threatening about her bills, a letter and then a lawyer comes to announce that the widow can obtain a legacy if she would visit the family of her late husband. She is too proud to do this, for they had

(*Continued on page xv*)

Mary Garden Makes Tosca a Human Tigress

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MARY GARDEN AS TOSCA

WHEN that unleashed tigress of Sardou's play, "La Tosca," was let loose on the dramatic stage years ago, Sarah Bernhardt and Fanny Davenport, each in her way wonderfully qualified to interpret such a type, earned marked success in her exploitation. Transferred to the operatic stage in 1900 through the adaptation of the play musically by Puccini, the heroine continued to afford, for those singers who were gifted with the proper vocal and emotional endowments, an equally remarkable vehicle. So thought Ternina, who created it here; and so thought Emma Eames, Olive Fremstad, Carmen-Melis and Geraldine Farrar, who have all interpreted it wonderfully—and very differently. Last September in Paris it was added to the already lengthy repertoire of Mary Garden, who, despite the long list of her predecessors in the rôle, has succeeded in marking it uniquely with the amazing gift of her personality.

Possibly few parts have ever made the demand of Tosca on the versatility of the artist. A woman who combines the chastity of a Lucrece with the freedom in love of a Josephine; one whose tenderness for her lover in adversity is only equalled by her vicious jealousy of him in prosperity; a murderess whose horror of her own deed is accompanied by joy in its accomplishment—such a part gives its interpreter something "to set her teeth in," so to speak. Nothing could better suit the complex intellectuality of a Mary Garden and not one of its opportunities has she lost. Her Tosca is furious in her jealousy on entering, but she melts to a look from her lover. In her shimmering blue-green robes, her moods, as varicolored, shifting with every sign of love from her adored, she is a study in the possibilities of a woman. When she smiles on Mario, it is for an exquisite instant only; when she storms at him, there is latent sunshine back of the storm.

In the second act Miss Garden reaches a height that it will be difficult for her to equal in the future. Not only does she hold the listener breathless in her portrayal of emotion; the wonderful variety of facial expression, the pictorial grace of her movements, the amazing little individual touches of her interpretation all keep him spellbound; but the beauty of her singing in itself would entitle this performance to especial admiration. The *Vissi d'arte* is delivered exquisitely, and in the third act duet on the ramparts her vocal execution equals her dramatic skill.

The third act arouses almost too poignant emotions. In the second act Miss Garden is almost throughout the tigress, deprived not of her cubs but of her mate. Her feline movements, her stealthy approach to the table, her cruel joy are all tigerish. But in the last act she is again a tender woman, lavishing once more all her heart on her lover, almost frisking about him in her joy at his supposed release. Like a child, she laughs with him over his pretended death; like a child playing hide-and-seek, she calls to him to "lie low"—to "play dead" a little longer. The transition to her horror and agony when she finds him really a corpse is almost unbearable in its intensity, and her subsequent leap over the ramparts gives the onlooker actual relief.

It is good to see such work. Horrible as the opera is occasionally in its mixtures of lust and sacrilege, it cannot for instance be compared to "The Jewels of the Madonna" on either score, and its music is incomparably superior. The old Greek rule for tragic productions, to "purify the mind of the onlooker by pity and terror," certainly is carried out in Tosca's construction. But the great thing is to see such individual conscientious artistry in a rôle calling for every variety of the singer and actor's technique. Also the wonder of it is to see the unvarying excellence of Miss Garden's work as compared to the decidedly varying quality of her support. In France the singer was given every help that could be afforded her by other artists excellently qualified. In America the support has been changed from time to time with occasionally trying results.

It is not, for instance, at all necessary to the interpretation of Scarpia's rôle that he should be all brute. The refined and exquisite devilishness of a Scotti, the equally subtle villainy of a Renaud, justify one in complaining of Mr. Sammarco's painful exhibition of the part in Philadelphia, and even of the artistic but particolored performance with which Mr. Marcoux grated on Boston. The susceptibilities of the latter city having been greatly aroused, it is however only fair to record that Mr. Marcoux's work in his later or expurgated manner lay beyond criticism.

Miss Garden's art has unquestionably deepened of late years. Something—indefinable but most beautiful—has been added to the brilliant intellectuality of it; a something which goes further and makes its final strong appeal—straight to the heart of the observer. It may be that this is responsible for the widening of her appeal to the general public. Popularity of a certain sort is readily gained; in order to win the suffrage of one kind of hearer, one needs but to be "different," and Miss Garden's work has been "different" enough to divide the casual operatic audience promptly into her adherents and her non-adherents. But for that real greatness which shall outlive discussion—outlive indeed the artist herself—for that reverence which shall keep a name enshrined for the generations that shall come after, one needs more than the halo of a mere unusualness. Those who have given Miss Garden's art, not only in "Tosca" but in its predecessor, a thought which has gone deeper than the details of costuming or the tricks of a facile technique, realize in it the noble feeling, deepening every year, of the great artist. Mary Garden carries the heavy responsibility of the greatly endowed.

In the costuming of "Tosca," Miss Garden has displayed three of her best known characteristics—a cheerful indifference to precedent, an absolute fidelity to historical detail, and a regard for the proper adornment of her own beauty. In the first act, only the well-known staff has been retained to give her appearance a resemblance to the noted Toscas of the past. Miss Garden wears an exquisitely embroidered green trailing gown of the First Empire with a tiny jacket of blue chiffon. A long scarf of blue is draped about her shoulders and a splendidly plumed blue velvet hat rests on her hair which, in adherence, one is told, to historic fact is a brilliant red. When she makes her first appearance, her arms full of flowers, she is superb in her haughty loveliness.

In the second act, the singer's appearance suggests her own Thaïs more than any other artist's Tosca; possibly because her hair is dressed in a manner faithful to the First Empire. Her wonderful evening gown is of silvery tissue, and by the very unobtrusiveness of its color shows that painstaking regard for detail which distinguishes this artist's work. CLARE P. PEELER.

Maurice Donnay

Paris Stirred by a Patriotic Play

Henri Lavedan

WHEN we hear that a play has made a sensation in Paris, the American public is too apt to associate the new piece, as well as all recent works by contemporary French dramatists, with faint recollections of highly spiced comedies in which the eternal triangle of wife, husband and lover form the one stereotyped and monotonous complication, flimsy, inconsequential pieces quickly forgotten as soon as the season that gave them birth is ended. This, of course, is because the sexual drama is the one type of play which Frenchmen alone can write gracefully, and the kind of play most frequently imported from Paris by our astute managers, who are sure they know just what sort of piece is suitable to Broadway.

But do not let us forget that Brieux, whom Lawrence Irving declares to be the greatest dramatist since Shakespeare, is also a Frenchman. Brieux is a playwright with a message, and the success he has had in making of the Parisian stage a pulpit, or at least a platform, from which to thunder his sociological and physiological theories, has encouraged many thoughtful French writers to work out their theories in the form of serious plays. And, strange to say, the Parisian public, reputed to care only for idle pleasure and the lighter side of life, has taken kindly to these dramatic sermons and shown approval of this Ibsenish tendency.

Three plays have met with pronounced success in Paris this season, and we are startled to see that they all deal with grave problems. Their authors are Henri Lavedan, of the Académie Française; Maurice Donnay, who combines in his dramas, as no one else, solidity of thought with tender poetry and the sparkling of true French "esprit"; and Henri Kistemaeckers, whose indomitable optimism leads the characters of his imagination through conflicts and catastrophes toward a reposeful ending.

In his earlier work, Henri Lavedan applied his brilliant gifts to themes of the lighter kind that allowed him to give full vent to his good-natured, caustic wit and to make thoroughly inconsequential people speak of nothing in the most entertaining manner. Since then, he has attacked many a serious subject and carried it through with superior philosophical understanding and masterful dramatic ability. His drama, "The Duel," will rank among the fine things in the French drama of all time. His latest play, produced at Sarah Bernhardt's magnificent theatre, is a military drama in two acts, entitled "Servir."

Who says that two acts do not make a play? Paul Hervieu's "Enigma," also in two acts, is counted among the masterpieces of recent years and will live as an example of dramatic power and concision for future generations. And did not Aristophanes cast the most delightful of comedies into that same narrow mould of two acts?

Lavedan's "Servir" is a virile tragedy of modern French militarism. Coming as it does at a moment when France, not to be left behind by Germany, is feverishly adding to her war strength, the subject could hardly be more timely.

The play was offered to the Comédie Française and actually accepted for production by Jules Claretie, but scruples arose at the eleventh hour as to the fitness of its presentation on the stage of the national theatre and Lavedan, in a moment of pique, withdrew it. The danger of possible complications with foreign powers seems to have been somewhat exaggerated, for Lavedan has handled his situations with perfect tact. If his characters seem at times exaggerated, it is only that we may understand them better in the limited frame of his heroic sketch. As a matter of fact, the Corneillian characters of this stirring patriotic drama find even better opportunities for their development in the scientific atmosphere of the twentieth century than they did at the time of the great Corneille.

The first act takes us to the living-room of the Eulin family, full of souvenirs of the Franco-German war. A map of Morocco that hangs on the wall is marked with a black cross before which Mme. Eulin kneels to pray for the soul of her eldest son. In the drawer of a desk she keeps the letters of her second son, also fighting for France in Africa. The third is a lieutenant in the artillery at Orleans. Mme. Eulin is the daughter, the wife and the mother of soldiers. Colonel Eulin, whose one ideal was his country and one anxiety to serve her, has been forced, by a network of base intrigue, to resign his post in the army. Civilian life is insufferable to him. His enforced leisure threatens to drive him to madness. The happy family life of thirty years past is suddenly disorganized. The colonel goes about restlessly, disappears for several days at a time on unexpected journeys. Mme. Eulin is beginning to stifle in the all too military atmosphere of her home. From her window she sees the dome of the Invalides that towers majestically above Napoleon's tomb; she hears the military music from the near-by barracks, every hour she is feverishly expecting news from her second son, whose duty has taken him to precisely the same perilous post where the eldest has fallen. Her only comfort is her youngest son, Pierre. He understands her sorrow, for in his heart he does not sympathize with his father's rigid principles. Pierre is an adept of the anti-militarist theories which are spreading in France. He is said to have told his subordinates that in case of war every man should act according to his own conscience, by which declaration he incurs his father's violent disapproval. He is more of a student than a soldier, and while he was stationed in one of the military depots near Paris he devotes most of his time to scientific research in the laboratory of his isolated cottage. By mere chance, this young apostle of peace discovers a more formidable explosive than any known. He tells his mother how he blew up a deserted little island on the coast of Brittany with no more powder than would hold in a nutshell.

From *L'Illustration*

Scene in "La Chienne du Roi," one act play by Henri Lavedan, at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt

Mme. Du Barry (Jane Hading) in prison before execution. She has confessed to the priest and appears resigned to her fate when suddenly her fevered brain conjures up the grim spectacle of the guillotine. Instantly there is a revulsion of feeling. Heedless of the priest's exhortations she throws herself on the floor in a paroxysm of fear, and the whole prison shakes with her screams of terror

But he wants to destroy the formula of his terrible invention which, he says, would only make war more horrible. He will entrust to his mother the few cartridges that are left, and she promises to go with him to get them at his cottage the next morning. At the same time, Colonel Eulin is advised by an officer that the Secretary of War wishes to see him secretly, and he agrees to meet him, at daybreak, in his son's cottage, which he believes unoccupied. The clouds of tragedy are gathering at the end of this first act, especially after a passionate argument between father and son, which leads to a definite break between them.

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Louise Edvina as Maliella in "The Jewels of the Madonna"
(Boston Opera Company)

At the opening of the second act, we see the colonel entering into the cottage in the furtive manner of a burglar. He searches the room for keys, papers and the very cartridges which Pierre wants to entrust to his mother. The old soldier, knowing his son will never give his invention to the world, has come to steal it and turn it over to the Secretary of War. His resignation from active service has not broken his desire to work for his country, but the only way for him now is to devote his heroism to humble and anonymous tasks. The Secretary of War comes to the meeting-place and brings the colonel the news of the death of his second son in Africa. Complications have arisen, and there is an impending danger of war with another European nation. The Secretary of War takes Pierre's formula, but leaves the cartridges to Eulin, with a written order in a sealed envelope. There is no doubt but that the colonel will obey it strictly, even though it is to lead him to a sure death. He will die in silence and without glory, to serve his country to the end. When he is left alone, he locks himself up in an adjoining room to prepare for his mission.

Then comes the fateful arrival at the cottage of mother and son. Pierre sees immediately that the place has been burglarized and at once investigates. He finds the door locked:

PIERRE: There can be no doubt. The burglar is in that room. He heard us coming and went in there to hide.

MME. EULIN: In your bedroom?

PIERRE: He is in there!

MME. EULIN: Come away! Don't let us stay here!

PIERRE: Of course we must. We'll see! (*He goes toward the door.*)

MME. EULIN: Pierre!

(*He tests the door with the weight of his shoulder, observing its strongest point of resistance.*)

PIERRE: I thought so. It is not locked, it is bolted from within.

MME. EULIN: Oh, God!

(*He turns and speaks toward the closed door.*)

PIERRE: Whoever you are, thief or assassin, open this door, or I will break it!

(*Complete silence.*)

MME. EULIN: He may be gone.

PIERRE: Impossible! This is the only door.

MME. EULIN: But the window?

PIERRE: Barred. He can't escape us.

MME. EULIN: Shall I call for help?

PIERRE: For the police to come and find my . . .

MME. EULIN: That's true, but what then?

(*He goes to the outer door and gives her the key of it.*)

PIERRE: Wait for me outside, please.

MME. EULIN: I shall not leave you!

PIERRE: Then stand over there—and don't be afraid. (*He points at the far end of the room; she goes there and waits apprehensively.*)

MME. EULIN: I am afraid only for you.

(*Pierre goes to the table, takes a revolver out of a drawer and goes toward the bolted door.*)

PIERRE: And now . . .

MME. EULIN: What are you going to do?

PIERRE: Make the bandit come out of his hiding-place!

(*The bolt is heard being withdrawn.*)

You see? It is an easy job! He is scared! He opens the door! There he is coming!

(*The door is opened slowly.*)

MME. EULIN: Take care!

COLONEL EULIN (*appearing on the threshold*): No danger.

The following scene rises to the highest accents of tragedy. To Pierre's infuriated accusations the colonel calmly opposes his unimpeachable patriotism. Yes, he admits he has burglarized his son, he has spied on him, watched the progress of his invention, and, just now, delivered it to the Government. He tells to what shameful, abject tasks he, this perfect man of honor, has devoted

(*Continued on page vii*)

Vanni Marcoux as Scarpia
(Boston Opera Company)

Photo Dover St. Studios
Vanni Marcoux as the Father in "Louise"
(Boston Opera Company)

Photos White

1—Act I. Frau Gudula (Mathilde Cottrelly) welcomes her granddaughter, Charlotte (Alma Belwin). 2—Act I. Carl (Frank Goldsmith), Solomon (Frank Losee), Frau Gudula, Nathan (John Sainpolis), Jacob (Pedro de Cordoba), and Anselm (Edward Emery). Jacob denounces Solomon's ambitious project to marry Charlotte to the Duke Gustavus. 3—Act II. Charlotte goes with her father and uncles to lunch with the Duke (Edward Mackay). 4—Act II. The Duke and the banker's daughter. 5—Act III. Frau Gudula warns the Duke that unhappiness will come of the match.

SCENES IN "THE FIVE FRANKFORTERS," NOW AT THE THIRTY-NINTH STREET THEATRE

Photo White — Pasquale Amato as Cyrano — Frances Alda as Roxane

STAGE SETTING FOR ACT II OF WALTER DAMROSCH'S OPERA, "CYRANO"

"Cyrano" Heard at the Metropolitan Opera House

LIKE troubles, operatic novelties appear never to come singly. Take our own season of opera as an example: For fifteen weeks it has wandered on without a single really new work and then, suddenly, three new operas are produced in two weeks. Two of these, "Conchita" and "Le Ranz des Vaches," were heard for the first time in New York, while one, "Cyrano," was given for the first time on any stage. So it has been the busiest fortnight of the entire season thus far—busy in the way of expectancy and excitement, for no première at the Metropolitan is without its thrill these days. And yet—but that would be anticipating.

First to "Cyrano," music by Walter Damrosch, libretto by W. J. Henderson, after the familiar play by Edmond Rostand. Its first presentation on any stage occurred at the Metropolitan Opera House on Friday evening, February 28, and here follows, as a matter of record, the original cast:

Cyrano, Pasquale Amato; Roxane, Frances Alda; Duenna, Marie Mattfeld; Lise, Vera Curtis; A Flower Girl, Louise Cox; Mother Superior, Florence Mulford; Christian, Riccardo Martin; Ragueneau, Albert Reiss; De Guiche, Putnam Griswold; Le Bret, William Hinshaw; First Musketeer, Basil Ruysdael; Second Musketeer, Marcel Reiner; Montfleury, Lambert Murphy; A. Monk, Antonio Pini-Corsi.

No opera première in years was attended by such wholesale demonstrations of enthusiasm on the part of the assembled public as was this initial performance of "Cyrano." There were enough flowers for the principals to stock a Fifth Avenue florist's window; there were two speeches by Walter Damrosch, and curtain calls without end that brought to view all the principals, Giulio Gatti-Casazza, Walter Damrosch and W. J. Henderson. So the public—or that part of the public which was friendly to composer and artists—left no stone unturned to have this interesting première go down in operatic history as a gala event.

White — Putnam Griswold and Frances Alda in "Cyrano"

The opera was sung in English, a continuation of Gatti-Casazza's policy to give each season at least one work in the vernacular. Last year, it will be recalled, there was "Mona," the result of a $10,000 competition for the best opera in English. This work died a natural death after a few performances and it is not likely that it will be resurrected again this year. This season there was no expensive bait offered by the Metropolitan to the shy American composer, but "Cyrano" was accepted early in the season and months have been spent upon its preparation.

"Cyrano" is not a new work. The libretto was fashioned and the music composed about eleven years ago. But it rested tranquilly in the composer's portfolio until recently when Walter Damrosch rewrote portions of it and made such changes as he deemed necessary or advisable. Since the rehearsals began there have been a terrific number of cuts made in the original score, reducing

its performance to about three and a half hours. And it is still too long.

The music lacks inspiration. It sounds labored, "made," all save a few places such as the Gascogny Cadets chorus and the Pastry Cook's patter song. But these instances suggest good comic opera. The score is reminiscent—which is easily to be accounted for since its composer has conducted concerts and operas for so many years that his brain must of necessity be charged with the melodic thoughts and the formulæ of orchestration employed by other composers.

This music is tuneful and it has interesting moments—but that about exhausts the possibilities of honest praise. The second act in the Pastry Cook's shop is probably the most engaging of the four acts, and the intermezzo preceding this act is quite tuneful and pretty. But the balcony scene music is flat, the music of the battle scene is almost entirely without interest or dramatic vigor; and the final scene of the opera, Cyrano's death, is chiefly impressive because of its action. The orchestration is brilliant and generally quite skilful. Mr. Damrosch lacks, all told, a feeling for the possibilities of dramatic music, accompanied by action. He draws out recitatives needlessly, he interrupts, by musical padding that is to no definite end, phrases that have dramatic import. The result is that the action is tardy, that the listener becomes bored.

And what a pity 'tis, 'tis true, for a better libretto than "Cyrano" has seldom been set to music. Rostand's play simply teemed with life and interest, and W. J. Henderson, music critic of the New York *Sun* and author of many books, has made an effective condensation of the five acts into four, letting the death scene follow directly after the battle. The dramatic pace of the libretto is swift, and it is none too long—or would not be if set to music by one skilled in dramatic writing.

The performance was a proof of the sincerity of purpose with which the Metropolitan management treats opera in English. The four scenes were handsome; costumes and properties were all that could be desired artistically. The cast was assembled from the best available artists of the Metropolitan roster of great singers, but the English sung could only be understood now and again in disjointed words or phrases.

Mr. Amato sang the title rôle very well and acted it with skill. Those who saw and distinctly recalled Coquelin's famous interpretation of this rôle, found much that was lacking in Amato's conception. Still, he was handicapped by singing in English, a language which he does not even speak. Mme. Alda as Roxane was admirable, singing well, enunciating clearly and acting with arch grace. Mr. Griswold was a noble De Guiche, Mr. Reiss a nimble Pastry Cook, and Mr. Hinshaw a sympathetic Le Bret. Mr. Hertz conducted conscientiously a score over which he had slaved for so long; orchestra and chorus acquitted themselves with credit. But, taking it by and large, "Cyrano" will scarcely mark a new era in American composition, nor will it be a great advance in the cause of opera in English. It was better than the other operas in the vernacular produced by the Metropolitan, but the reason for this advantage is to be attributed to its libretto.

Both of the other novelties, "Conchita" and "Le Ranz des Vaches," were given by the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company at the Metropolitan. The New York première of "Conchita" occurred on Tuesday, February 11, and the cast is here recorded:

Conchita, Tarquinia Tarquini; Don Mateo, Charles Dalmores; Dolores, Helen Stanley; Ruffina, Ruby Heyl; Estella, Minnie Egener; La Sorvegliante, Adele Legard; L'Ispettore, Frank Arthur Preisch; Banderillero, Vittorio Trevisan; Venditore di Frutta, Emilio Venturini; Una Guida, Francesco Daddi; Madre di Conchita, Louise Berat; Una Voce, Emilio Venturini; La Gallega, Rosina Galli; Le Danseur, Luigi Albertieri; Una Madre, Esther Grimm; Tonio, Desire Defrere; Morenito, Marie Hamilton; Garcia, Constantin Nicolay; Sereno, Vittorio Trevisan; Uno Giovanotto, Piero Orsatti; Una Donna, Anne Sullivan; Una Ragazza, Elsa Garrette; Due Inglesi, Giuseppe Minerva, Rocco Franzini; Enrichetta, Minnie Egener; L'Amica D'Enrichetta, Elsa Garette; Due Spettatore, Nicolo Fossetta, Michel Zwibach. General Musical Director, Cleofonte Campanini.

The music of this opera was written by Riccardo Zandonai, the libretto by Maurice Vaucaire and Carlo Zangarini. The story is founded upon Pierre Louys' famous story, "La Femme et le Pantin" ("The Woman and the Puppet") but the string has been extracted from this rather frank story. In fact, so much of the sting has been taken that the story proves rather a farce, depicting the heroine as a girl who sits upon a man's lap, dances a brazen dance of exposure in a public dance hall, admits another man to her garden while her wooer pines without and, finally, comes to the man who adores her. (*Continued on page x*)

White Cyrano (Pasquale Amato) Roxane (Frances Alda) Christian (Riccardo Martin)

SCENE IN WALTER DAMROSCH'S OPERA, "CYRANO"

SARA ALLGOOD, LEADING WOMAN OF THE IRISH PLAYERS, AS OLD MRS. GROGAN IN THE "BUILDING FUND"

The Making of an Irish Player

IT is an auspicious name, Allgood, and it is her own. There is a story of a French family of similar name settling about Dublin way several centuries ago and bequeathing to its daughters a quick wit which the climate of Ireland has mellowed and the association with Irish folk has sharpened. Hundreds of good folk in Dublin know her as "Sallie" Allgood, and she responds readily to the name since she is an exile from Erin in America.

The leading woman of the Irish Players has made a deep and pleasing impression upon audiences in the United States. The owner of a Chicago newspaper and a patron of the arts in his own rights said while toasting her at a dinner: "She has the same divine spark that lived in the breast of Richard Mansfield. I discovered him in his youth and poverty. I fought for him for a year while critics said 'He is full of mannerisms. His talent is overweighted and smothered by his conceit.' But I said of him: 'He will yet be the greatest actor in America,' and I say of Miss Allgood: 'There will be a time when America will have no greater actress."

H. Kohlsaat ended his encomium by saying: "Miss Allgood, we bid you remain with us!" Managers have seconded that invitation and Miss Allgood is in a state of tremulous uncertainty, the new land with its larger opportunities drawing her, while afar she hears the cry of the green isle and the musty old theatre whose luck she turned.

She doesn't know how nor why it happened. "I have thought that perhaps they came to see us fail" is her explanation of that revolutionary event. Dublin had been indifferent. Houses had been small. The Irish Players were discouraged. The Abbey Theatre was about to lose Frank and Willie Fay. The loss of the Fays was a stupendous one to the movement. Those excellent stage directors had grown a bit autocratic it seemed to the actors. The actors had grown insubordinate it seemed to the directors. The directors demanded of the trustees of the movement that they be allowed supreme control of the stage. "We want the right to dismiss an actor when we think it proper" said they, whereupon the trustees replied: "It would grieve us to lose you, but we cannot permit you complete power. What if a sudden whim should prompt you to dismiss without good cause, for instance, Miss Allgood?"

SARA ALLGOOD

The Fays resigned and evil prophecies were in the air. The Irish Players, the naturalistic school of acting, the school of modern playwrights, Yeats' exquisite poetic drama would be lost to the world. What could be done? The trustees summoned Miss Allgood and said: "We would like you to produce the next play!"

Miss Allgood was seized with vertigo and resolution. Black spots danced before her fear-stricken eyes, but being Irish she is doughty and more than all else she feared to be afraid. She put into rehearsal a play different from any yet produced by the Irish Players. Heretofore the dramas they enacted had been pictures of peasant life. Miss Allgood chose a society drama. Human nature craves change. Also the news that a woman had lifted the load of dramatic direction upon her shoulders had gotten abroad, and there be suffragettes in Ireland. Miss Allgood's explanation may be correct or all three may be correct. At any rate the house was filled from pit to dome and the beskirted stage director, peeping through a hole in the curtain, had another and worse attack of vertigo.

Moreover that great event was greater by reason of the discovery of a dashing young leading man, a modern-spirited D'Artagnan. Four leading men had passed through the furnace of rehearsal and came out worthless slag. Then entered Fred O'Donovan in much the same devil-may-care manner in which he bounded into the town hall for his "Showing Up" as Blanco Posnet, and the Irish Players had the leading man for whom they had sought and suffered, and who by his work in America has upheld the Bruce McRae's contention that while the leading man may not be the spine of the company he is at least its pair of shoulders. Miss Allgood continued to be the stage director as well as leading woman of the company for a year. She had shown what she could do but she didn't want to do it any longer. Buxom, red of cheek and brilliant of eye as she is, she had learned that there is a "Thou shalt not!" a limit of physical endurance for a woman.

Sarony

JULIA SANDERSON

This popular young actress is now playing the title rôle in "The Sunshine Girl" at the Knickerbocker

Her tenet is that an actress should be able to play anything. Her recipe for the making of a good actress is "Three-fourths dramatic instinct and one-fourth brain, but don't leave out the brain!" "First sincerity, then repose, and least of all beauty" is another of her dicta of the boards.

Nature provided her the dramatic instinct and the brain. It favored her, too, with a wholesome attractiveness that is the complement of beauty, if not itself beauty. Mayhap the dramatic instinct was an inheritance from Catherine Hayes, the Irish prima-donna, who was her kinswoman of another generation. But she is Irish, and to be Irish is to be rich in feeling, and to feel is to possess dramatic instinct. The Irish are the most natural actors in the world.

When she was fourteen her father died. There were four girls and four boys in the family of eight. "Sallie" Allgood was the second in the octette and it behooved her to toil for the family. She toiled with a fresh, sweet-toned contralto, singing at county fairs and festivals airs from popular operas. One of these was *The Amorous Goldfish* from "The Geisha," and her encore number was always the same *Kathleen Mavorneen.* In a feis (Irish for turnverein, or singing festival) she won fourth place among forty-eight singers, for the freshness and beauty of her voice and for her execution

There broke out a fad for learning Irish and the large-eyed young singer fell into the enthusiasm. She recited in Irish and heard of the Fay Brothers who were giving plays in Irish. She wanted to join their organization, the Irish National Theatre Society, but sorrowfully gave up the plan when she found it involved paying a guinea a year for membership. Frank Fay, who had heard her recite, waived the prohibitive guinea.

Thus she became one of the Irish Players, Thus she turned the luck of the struggling Abbey Theatre. Thus she has shone with starlike brilliancy on the two visits of the Hibernian Players to America. We would welcome her as a permanency. But Ireland, having less than a hundred players, would sorely miss Sallie Allgood, who is at least twenty-five.

To Sara Allgood

(After seeing her in the various Irish Plays)

How, in one woman, can the shifting years
Be merged, and all life's scattered visions meet?
Yet here Youth's sanguine pulses laugh and beat,
And here wails middle-age, whom nothing cheers.
Trembling and set upon by haggard fears
Comes tragedy, and Age with shuffling feet;
And impudent young womanhood, and sweet
Warm human singing, like a rush of tears. . . .

Oh woman, you are magic manifold—
You stab the Silence with a voice of gold
That throbs with clamorous seas and rolling moors.
You speak—and Age forgets that it is old;
The dying moment lives—the hour endures,
A deathless echo of immortal lures!

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

The capable leading woman of the Irish Players is an example of the value of the oft sneered at movements for the uplift of an art or a community. It was the wave of reawakened interest in learning the Gaelic tongue that bent the little wandering singer toward the drama. She might have been content to travel from county fair to county fair singing ballads had it not been for that sweeping movement. Mastering the ancient Irish she learned that there may be more poetry in prose than verse, and that there is no finer outlet for great emotions than the drama. First we aspire, then we climb. She longed for dramatic expression, then sought an avenue for it. The avenue was that propaganda of phrases of Irish life, Irish themes and Irish problems in the form of short plays which eventuated in the Abbey Theatre and the dwellers in its temple, the Irish Players. Curiously, Miss Allgood is dramatically the product of that organization. Her work has been done for it. Her energies have been poured into that channel. Her versatility bespeaks the breadth of the Irish Players' repertoire. Her depth reflects the seriousness of its purposes.

SARA ALLGOOD AND FRED O'DONOVAN IN "THE CLANCY NAME"

The Irish Players are doing for the life of Ireland what Molière did for his times and country. They give a perfect picture of the time and place. They show forth the Irish character as it is. Miss Allgood's Irish eyes, clear, lakelike, widened as she talked of her conception of it.

"In Ireland there is more spiritual life than anywhere else on earth," she said. "In the nations that are greatly concerned with wealth and commerce the spiritual life slumbers or dies. Some day, as manufactures and commerce and material wealth crowd the little island the spiritual life of Ireland may vanish, but while it lasts it is most precious and beautiful and we hug it to our bosoms as a mother her best beloved child. It is the most striking trait of the Irish character as it is to-day and as it has been embalmed in the plays. You need more spiritual life in this country. You would be happier for it and your art would be greater. Great art only lives with great spiritual perception. When a country becomes overrich and overmaterial its art fades."

M. M.

MISS A. E. HORNIMAN

INTERIOR OF THE GAIETY THEATRE, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND

Miss Horniman's Model Manchester Theatre

THE *Manchester Guardian* served for a good many years as the single literary tie between that thriving manufacturing town of England and the rest of the world. Now a theatre, a "civic theatre," shares this responsibility with the newspaper. It is The Gaiety Repertoire Theatre, owned, controlled and directed by a woman whose custom it is to sign herself, A. E. F. Horniman. A suffragette (of course), and not so much of course, a lover of the drama from childhood, her public activities for a dozen years have been in the line of intellectualizing the taste of the public for plays. Miss Horniman's first overt act was to subsidize the group of Irish players in Dublin and to provide for them a small theatre, which has been their home ever since.

Five years ago Miss Horniman extended her operations to England, fixing upon Manchester as a fitting place for her experiment. She chose for her manager Iden Paine, a young actor native to the smoke, and he engaged a company which contained not a single famous name. A three-months' experiment at a concert hall enlisted the support of the press and public, and this preliminary canter proved successful. Then Miss Horniman bought and rebuilt the Gaiety, redecorating and refurnishing the interior, taking out 100 seats to render it more comfortable and adding space where scenery is built and painted and where wardrobes are cut out and made. She enlarged the company and set herself to the presentation of plays of a high standard. At the end of two years this woman manager's boldness had won out. The theatre paid expenses, and when she launched into a short London spring season her compact little company and repertoire of fifty plays, most of them new, satisfied the critics and the paying public, and, what's more, gave the manager a world-wide reputation.

For every year following, a short London season has been a feature of Miss Horniman's program, with such a degree of healthy appreciation that she has been urged to establish a repertory theatre in that Babylon, to be conducted with the same aspiration toward high things that she has shown in Manchester.

To-day the little Gaiety organization is at its height, for never has Miss Horniman had so excellent a company and staff. In Lewis Casson she has found a talented director, producer and actor. He was one of the original members of the famous Court Theatre company under Vedrenne and Barker, where so many interesting productions were made, and it is to him that Miss Horniman owes the well-rounded splendid productions which have kept up the Gaiety's standard in the last two years. "Hindle Wakes" was last spring's London production, which further spread the fame of Miss Horniman her producer and her company. In 1912, also, they played a successful tour through Canada, appearing but once in the United States. Boston was the fortunate city to witness a matinée performance of John Masefield's "Nan," in which Miss Irene Rooke acted the name part.

For the season of 1913 Stage Director Casson decided that improvement could be made of the musical setting of the plays to be produced. He discouraged incidental music and advocated that the same minute attention should be given to the orchestral accompaniment, so to speak, as to the plays themselves. Miss Horniman was easily persuaded, and Mr. Casson hurried over to Paris to bring back as musical director the violin virtuoso, Nikolai Sokoloff. His first work was done on "Prunella," that beautiful, fantastic play with musical accompaniment by Laurence Housman and Granville Barker. Since that production Mr. Sokoloff has remained as conductor, and adding music as an essential attribute to the harmonious atmosphere already established in the Gaiety.

The most important productions of this season have been "Elaine," by Harold Chapin; "Prunella," by Housman and Barker; "Revolt," by George Calderon, and "The Pigeon," by John Galsworthy. The last-named play we have already seen and admired here. "Elaine" is described as a brilliant comedy, and "Revolt," what its name

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NIKOLAI SOKOLOFF

SYBIL THORNDIKE

EDWARD LANDOR

MURIEL PRATT

MILTON ROSMER

IRENE ROOKE

LEWIS CASSON

Doris Keane—An Actress of Serious Purpose

DORIS KEANE is not a mental relaxation; she is a mental stimulus. If you would gain the most from her acting as from her conversation you cannot afford to leave your mind at home for, though this actress has youth and beauty, she does not depend upon these assets to win her way. Rather has she hewed out the path to success with the dynamite of her own intelligence. She makes one realize this whether you meet her across the tea-table or across the footlights. As you talk with her, you are conscious neither of the finely cut profile, of the well-shaped head and hands, nor of the firm and mobile mouth—only of two big brown eyes, illuminated by the light of a thousand candles, and of a keen, alert mind.

Sarony DORIS KEANE

When this chat took place, she had just returned from the photographer's, where she had posed and stood for two solid hours on the unsolid foundation of a glass of milk. According to all the laws of nature and photographers, she should have been tired and wilted. Yet she was not, because she is one of those people to whom sleeping and eating are more of a hindrance than a help—not necessities, but interruptions on the journey to one's goal.

What is her goal? She is perfectly willing to talk on almost any subject, but that she will not divulge. She says:

"There's a natural law against it. Just as soon as you talk about what you are going to do and want to do, all the inspiration, the determination, the belief in it or in yourself are gone!"

But she will tell enough else to help you guess and prophesy what she may still do. Her history, the enumeration of the stepping stones in her career that led up to the part of Margherita Cavallini, which she is now playing in Edward Sheldon's drama "Romance," she regards as scarcely worth the telling. If you insist, she will tell you with polite impatience that it was through Henry Arthur Jones, the distinguished English dramatist, that she was given her first opportunity to show what she could do. One of the first engagements she had after being graduated from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts was in his play, "The Whitewashing of Julia," in which she had exactly two lines to speak, one of which was *Mother*. In the other Jones drama, "The Hypocrites," she made her first real success. The result of the flattering criticisms her acting of Rachel Neve received was that she had to flee the country to escape offers to play similar rôles that rained in upon her. With a hearty laugh she explained:

"I didn't want to be typed as 'a fallen woman.'"

Her present surroundings certainly do not suggest the woman of that character. They suggest rather the woman who has risen to a high plane of intellectuality where she feels quite at home. It was not difficult to distinguish among the tastelessly elaborate furnishings of her room, which even the best of hotel proprietors still regard as spelling home comforts, the personal belongings which created the atmosphere of the present tenant. Piled high on every available desk or table or what-not were books upon books—more on the piano and a few even spilling over onto chairs and the floor. The pictures on the wall had been bought by the manager's third assistant, whose idea of art was quite utilitarian, but the pictures on the mantel shelf, the table and the piano showed that the person to whom they belonged was not only a *connoisseur*, but a modernist. Next to a reproduction of Sorolla and of a Rodin statue was the photograph of a bust of Miss Keane, which Jo Davidson, the American sculptor of the newest school, has made of her. "He anticipates me," she says; "he shows me what I am going to be some day if I keep on going up!"

We were having tea, but her pretense at eating she promptly forgot through the enthusiasm that seized her with every new subject touched upon. Over the teacups one doesn't talk consecutively on any one theme, but jumps from wisdom to nonsense as the spirit moves and the brew inspires. It was back again now to the matter of being "typed."

"That's the trouble, not only with the managers, but with Americans in general," she went on to say, as she sat very straight on a very stiff little desk-chair which she had drawn up to the table. "They are always trying to put you into a pigeonhole, and once they have you there, there is no escape. We all do it, you will admit, won't you? About a year ago, for instance, everyone was talking about Bergson at the dinner table, you remember? Who was he and what what did he stand for, they all asked. After reading perhaps a book or two they learned that he was a French philosopher, who was popularizing metaphysics or making the religions of India Occidental. I don't want to try to interpret Bergson for you," she broke off with a laugh, "but I think that illustrates my point. He was a vogue until they had him pigeonholed, and, you see—he lasted just one season."

"But are we worse in this respect than the people of other nations?"

She wrapped the loose red velvet, fur-trimmed matinée which she had thrown on upon coming in from a cold out-of-doors more tightly around her small, lithe body, while she thought out her answer:

"The Europeans, in spite of the saying that they have become Americanized, are not always in such a hurry as we are. With the centuries of culture and civilization behind them it is quite natural that they should have a better foundation in art which enables them to judge independently, to value an artist for his achievement and to be willing not to come to a final conclusion about his work until—he is dead! There any artist who has achieved anything has his devoted followers who help him with their encouragement and their belief in him to do even greater things. The singers at the Metropolitan will tell you the same. In any European city in which they may sing, they have their enthusiast devotees who wait around at the stage-door to shout acclamation, if not to escort them home. How different it is here, where everyone usually runs out before the last curtain has fallen its full length! The trouble lies in this—the public knows all about us too soon; they think they know what we can do even before we know it ourselves!"

"But, then, why are foreigners willing — if not eager—to come here and play before such an unappreciative audience?"

Miss Keane smiled a knowing little smile. "You know the answer to that as well as I do," she said. "It's not only the money incentive. Wouldn't you think that it added to the glory of your success to have pleased so difficult and impatient an audience? Europe is the place to get your foundations in any art, it is true, but America is the only

(*Continued on page viii*)

Mishkin

Mme. Cavallini (Doris Keane) and her pet monk Adelina Patti

Mishkin

DORIS KEANE AS MME. CAVALLINI IN "ROMANCE" AT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S

Classic Curtain Raisers

Matzene, Chicago

MME. DE CISNEROS AS ORTRUD IN "LOHENGRIN"

IF someone suddenly were to ask you to name which one-act play by William Shakespeare is performed most frequently and with greatest favor, you probably would pause before replying. And well you might. For, of course, the poet never wrote a play of that brief length.

However, one has only to recall which drama of Robert Browning is best known beyond the book shelf to realize the fine distinction between a one-act play and one act of a play. As is generally familiar, "In a Balcony"—which Eleanor Robson, Sarah Cowell Le Moyne and Otis Skinner brought to wide attention about ten years ago, and in which Miss Robson later acted with Ada Dwyer and H. B. Warner in place of Mrs. Le Moyne and Mr. Skinner—was not intended as a drama by itself, but was one scene of an unfinished tragedy. But it gives a complete enough picture of the passion of a queen for a courtier, by much her junior; of her jealousy and chagrin when she discovers that his love was not for her, but for her girlish kinswoman; and finally of her consent to the union of the young folk. So if we call this fragment "In a Balcony" and treat it as a complete play, why not attach the title "In a Garden"—or, say, "Beneath a Balcony"—to that scene from "Romeo and Juliet," which certainly is the best known and most admired single act in theatredom?

For, after all, Act II, Scene II, of "Romeo and Juliet" has maintained for itself a fame that is wholly independent of the tragedy as a whole. I wonder how many ambitious Juliets have played the entire rôle before their mirrors, but only the balcony scene before the public. Several immediately come to mind. Mary Mannering, Olga Nethersole, Gertrude Coghlan and Viola Allen are prominent instances. And almost all of us have seen the balcony portion presented as a "curtain raiser" by the leading two players of a repertoire stock company. It frequently is incorporated in the bill with "David Garrick," which is short for an entire evening—at least, for an evening at "cut rates." Besides, the leading woman is less apt to be dissatisfied with so colorless and artificial a rôle as Ada Ingot if she has a chance as Juliet first.

The four actresses I speak of may all have appeared in the tragedy in full at some time or another. Indeed, some years after Olga Nethersole's brief essay as Juliet I saw her in the tragedy as a whole. But few audiences have had a chance to see her beyond the balcony.

In just this portion she appeared with James K. Hackett fifteen years or so ago at an Actors' Fund Benefit. The next time Mr. Hackett showed this much of his Romeo in New York—and there never has been any more to show—it was to the Juliet of Mary Mannering, and under similar circumstances. However, this young couple had played the fragment as a "curtain raiser" in many cities of the country when, as leading members of the Lyceum Stock Company, they went on tour in "The Late Mr. Castello." The feminine and more fluttering portion of the public went into ecstasies over Miss Mannering and Mr. Hackett as the lovers, because they were popularly supposed to be about to marry. But when New York finally saw them as Romeo and Juliet they were man and wife.

That, too, was at a "benefit." Gossip had it that Charles Frohman welcomed a sample of the Hackett Romeo in order to decide who should be cast for the character when Maude Adams made her ambitious appearance as Juliet. At another charity matinée about the same time, William Faversham offered a similar sample of his Romeo, the Juliet of the afternoon being Viola Allen. While Mr. Faversham won, being cast for Romeo in Miss Adams's production, with Mr. Hackett as the Mercutio, he did not enjoy his triumph long. His voice failed him and, after a few weeks, he resigned the love-sick hero to Orrin Johnson, originally the Paris of the play.

When Eleanor Robson decided to measure herself as Juliet she, too, proceeded cautiously. Volunteering to appear at a "benefit," she chose the "balcony scene" of the tragedy. A failure under such circumstances would pass with little notice, while the success she did achieve emboldened her for the greater undertaking. She did not have to make any tentative tests of leading actor, however, for Kyrle Bellew offered himself; and Mr. Bellew has been the safe-and-steady, ever-ready Romeo of the last quarter of a century. He has brought the same experienced authority to the part to the aid of many a Juliet—from the ultra-artificial maid of Mrs. Brown Potter to the very matter-of-fact young woman Miss Robson asked us to believe was fourteenth century and Italian.

It is a Continental custom to present the death of Agnes, in Ibsen's "Brand," as a one-act play; but when The New Theatre management undertook the experiment last spring, with Annie Russell as Agnes, the public complained that the scene was unintelligible. I wonder if the two portions of "The School for Scandal," which are often offered as independent plays, would strike us similarly were we less familiar with the Sheridan classic? It seems safe to say that one of them surely would—that traditional running together of two quarrels and reconciliations of Sir Peter and Lady Teazle. Elsie de Wolfe gained

considerable favor in this befogging bit when she was still an amateur, and appeared as Lady Teazle—so far, but no further—on more than one occasion after her establishment as a professional actress. The late Daniel H. Harkins was the Sir Peter.

Helen in "The Hunchback" was another abbreviated favorite of Miss de Wolfe's. It strikes one as odd to bring to mind the actresses who have played this part in the Knowles comedy and then compare the list to the Julias. For, of course, the latter is the longer, more prominent, better part. While among the Julias of fairly recent years one thinks of Ada Rehan, Julia Marlowe, Clara Morris, Mary Anderson, and Viola Allen. Quite as impressive a list of Helens may be made. There are Ellen Terry, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Isabel Irving, Winifred Emery, Katherine Compton, Elsie de Wolfe and Viola Allen.

Of course, there is an explanation. It might be said that while Julia is the leading rôle of full-length drama, Helen is the chief part in a one-act play habitually made from it. Ellen Terry and Sir Henry Irving—in London and in one of their early tours of this country—gave authority to a version for "curtain-raiser" purposes. The scene of love-making between the dashing Helen and the shy and timid Modus forms itself readily into such a piece. And Miss Terry and Sir Henry gave notable interpretations of Helen and Cousin Modus. When Miss de Wolfe presented her version the Modus was Edward Fales Coward, the well-known writer and amateur actor.

"The Hunchback"—as a whole, or even just this scene—had not been acted in America for some years when Viola Allen revived it a decade ago. And the part of the performance that called for the greatest praise was the acting of the scene we're speaking of by Adelaide Prince and Jameson Lee Finney. Whether the incident annoyed Miss Allen or not, the next year she presented herself in this bit of the comedy, showing herself then as Helen instead of Julia. The Modus was H. Hassard Short, while in place of Eben Plympton as Master Walter, she had her father, C. Leslie Allen.

The last notable cast to present "The School for Scandal" as a one-act play had W. H. Thompson and Hilda Spong for Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, and Charles Richman and Guy Standing for Charles and Joseph Surface. That was in the so-called "screen scene," which, with a few "cuts," makes a complete, compact and rational little play. The same may be said of the "trial scene" in "The Merchant of Venice," which frequently is given by itself. Indeed, it was with this that Shakespeare pushed his way into vaudeville, elbowing dancing dogs and "educated" serio-comics with blank verse.

But few portions of Shakespeare could be used as one-act plays did not the public know the context. What would the grave-digger's scene from "Hamlet," in which Joseph Jefferson frequently appeared, have meant alone? Sarah Bernhardt has shown us a canned "Hamlet"; and the late Charles Warner, the English actor, best known to America in "Drink" and as father of H. B. Warner, even took such a version of the master tragedy to Paris.

Sir Herbert Tree's abbreviated Shakespeare was more comprehensive, if less Shakespearian, perhaps. His Falstaff was so much admired that he decided to follow up his success in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" with the Falstaff portions of "King Henry IV." He arranged a two-scene comedy from the history, which, in full, is a rather dull play. It has not been done in this country since 1894, when William Owen was the Falstaff and Robert Tabor, then married to Julia Marlowe, the Hotspur. The reason of the revival, however, was to give Miss Marlowe a chance to play Prince Hal.

VANDERHEYDEN FYLES.

Otto Sarony Co.

VIOLA ALLEN
In the title rôle of "The Daughter of Heaven"

A Dressing Room Chat With Douglas Fairbanks

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, who as Anthony Hamilton Hawthorne in the play "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." is delighting thousands of theatregoers this season, is a typical American actor, and he is proud of it. There is nothing "stagey," nothing artificial or affected about this young American player from Virginia. He is not addicted to mannerisms, he does not cultivate any eccentricities, nor get rid of his talent to make room for his temperament. He is just a sincere, natural, good-naturedly frank, young man with gracious manners and an air of being always at ease in any situation. At the Colorado School of Mines and later at Harvard University he was popular for his fun-loving spirit and his irresistible sense of humor. He takes his work seriously and is very modest about his unquestioned ability and popularity.

Apeda Douglas Fairbanks is an inveterate smoker and always manages to take a few puffs between the acts

"My path to success," he said the other day, "has been literally strewn with shattered traditions. In the first place I didn't meet with the slightest family opposition when I chose a stage career just after leaving college. Secondly, I can't truthfully boast of any great struggle—never starved in a garret, shivered from the cold, or got buffeted about by a cruelly cold and unappreciative public. Thirdly, I don't indulge in a single interesting or unusual hobby—haven't time or inclination for that sort of thing, as I prefer to devote most of my spare moments to reading. Fourthly, the two questions which all interviewers just do to death I have positively placed under a ban."

"And what are the banned questions?"

"Well, one of them," continued Mr. Fairbanks, "is: 'What is your favorite rôle?' and the other—'What are your views on suffrage?' I don't often answer the first because my favorite part is always my last part. For example, just at present I'd rather be Happy Hawthorne of the U. S. A. solving Balkan problems on gay Broadway than any other character I've ever portrayed. But should you ask me the same question next year it's a safe guess to suppose I'll answer whatever part I'm playing then. I will admit, though, a preference for comedy parts at all times. I'd rather hear my audience burst into sincere and hearty laughter than to move them to tears, or see them in the throes of a harrowing thrill."

"And what about your second banned subject—why bar your views on suffrage?"

"Simply because I value my life."

"Haven't you forgotten to exclude one other question that forms part of our stock in trade? 'What constitutes a great actor?' Isn't that also under the ban?"

But Mr. Fairbanks became serious at once. Flicking the ashes from his second cigarette he wheeled around in his chair and said, earnestly:

"Of course, there isn't any set formula for the stuff that actors are made of, but if I were writing out a recipe I'd put in twenty per cent. natural talent, ten per cent. systematic study along the usual disciplinary lines, ten per cent. determination to succeed or power of sticktoitiveness, and sixty per cent. personality. The old saying that actors are born and not made isn't altogether true. Acting can be taught to a certain very great extent, but it is personality that must be born and not made. There are many talented young players who, having good looks, good delivery, and a sympathetic understanding of their parts, nevertheless fail 'to get over the footlights,' as we say in theatrical parlance, simply because they lack a certain hidden power—that fascinating, subtle something so difficult to define that constitutes individuality. This inexplainable something which makes an individual stand out as a distinct person is almost indispensable to success on the stage. And not only on the stage, but in many of the professions it plays a similarly important part. The most successful doctors and lawyers, for example, are not at all necessarily those who are more learned than their fellows, but those whose personality makes itself felt the minute they enter a room and talk with the patient or client as the case may be. The doctor's personality creates a certain favorable or unfavorable impression upon his patient and even gives a certain tone to the atmosphere in the sick room. His visit depresses or cheers his patient not so much according to treatment prescribed as to the conscious or unconscious effect of his own personality upon the man or woman who lies ill abed.

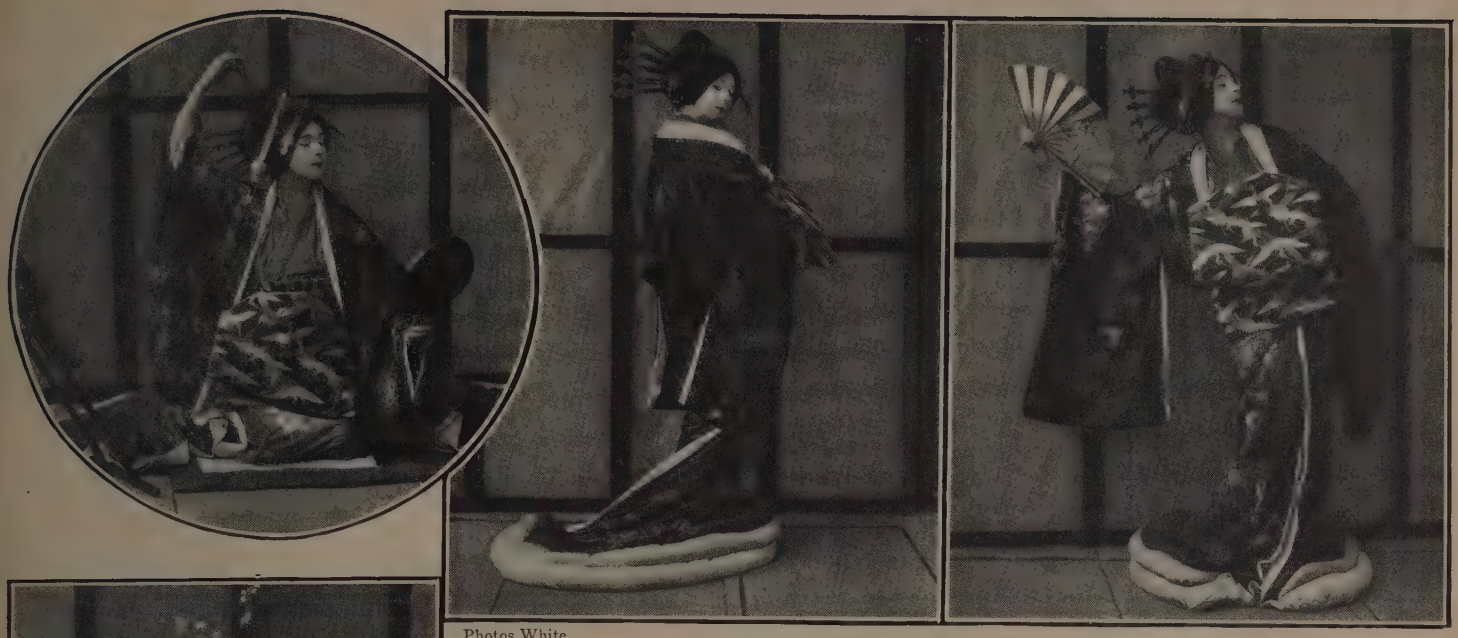
"Getting back to the stage," went on the actor, "just think how many playwrights owe the success or failure of their plays to the personality of the men and women who interpret the leading parts. Only recently, personality has had a large opportunity to assert itself in England, where a sort of theatrical renascence is about to take place judging from the period of unrest now prevailing there. The young literary group of progressive playwrights at present attracting so much attention—Galsworthy, Shaw, Masefield, Barker, MacEvoy and others—owe the popularization and appreciation of their so-called 'New Drama' chiefly to the personality of certain sponsors. In like manner, the torrents of abuse which first fell upon Ibsen were changed to a growing appreciation by the enthusiasm coupled with the charming personality of Miss Janet Achurch and Mr. Charles Carrington. Maeterlinck, too, owes much to the personality of certain stage folk who were instrumental in familiarizing French playgoers with the great mystic's works.

"In our own country it is because managers and producers have learned to bank so much upon the personality of certain popular players that we have so many of what is known as the one-star casts rather than a company selected for general excellence."

Just then there came a knock on the door. Mr. Fairbanks arose hurriedly to obey the call. As soon as he stepped upon the stage a loud hand-clapping greeted his appearance, and every time Hawthorne of U. S. A. delivered a bit of good American slang a ripple of laughter rang all through the house.

B. L.

Moffett Douglas Fairbanks and his son



Photos White

RUTH ST. DENIS IN HER NEW JAPANESE DANCE

The Art of Ruth St. Denis

IN THE JAPANESE DANCE

LONG before the public applauded her as a successful dancer, Ruth St. Denis was known to her intimates as a creative artist of surprising originality and power. Indeed, in this attractive and interesting personality the artist has always loomed larger than the mere performer. This may seem a somewhat paradoxical statement since it was as Radha, a new priestess of esoteric dancing, with Hinduism as a picturesque background, that she first made her successful appeal to the public, but those who know her intimately are well aware that the dancing itself is really secondary to her art, which is self-evolved, and the expression of a remarkable temperament together with an intense inner craving for beauty of form and gesture. Ruth St. Denis' Oriental dances will continue to excite much interest even in these days when the stage is invaded with dancers of all kinds from the *haute école* dancing of Povlowa and Lopoukowa to the bare feet interpretative posings of Isadora Duncan and Miss Noyes, for Ruth St. Denis is unique in a field especially her own. Not only does she strike a new and original note, but the form of her dances is constantly changing, and assuming more interesting phases as it becomes bolder and more richly varied.

Ruth St. Denis is entirely self-taught. Not only does she create the story, atmosphere and environment of her dances, but the movements are entirely spontaneous and are the expression of her own individuality, her own feelings, quite independent of teacher or instructor. The idea of her dances came to her like a flash. It was born fully grown. Suddenly came to her the inspiration of the particular thing she could do and the form of its expression. One day she saw the picture of a beautiful Egyptian woman used for the humble purpose of an advertisement, and the idea was born. It took years, of course, to work out in all its details, but the thought remained fixed and she has never wavered as to the means of expression or as to her ability to accomplish her purpose. There is no more striking example of the artistic impulse coming to expression unaided by environment or outside influences.

This season Miss St. Denis chooses an interesting form in which to set her dances—the Japanese. Following close upon the "Daughter of Heaven," which, while not altogether satisfactory dramatically, was interesting as to the possibilities of color in the Oriental setting, came the "Yellow Jacket," that most artistic expression of the Chinese idea which delighted those of imaginative perceptions and in a degree prepared the way for the Japanese dances.

These "dances" are really little dramas with dancing interludes. There is a coherent story running all through them which serves as the setting for these curiously fascinating

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BLUE FLAME DANCE

White

SCENE IN RUTH ST. DENIS' NEW JAPANESE DANCE

Copyright Schulz
JEWEL DANCE

movements. Two Indian dances that come before the Japanese are as interesting, if not so novel, as are the Japanese.

There are five principal dances in the little Japanese drama given at the Fulton Theatre. First, there are two flower dances and a sword dance—the warlike and the artistic qualities of the Japanese being strikingly contrasted. Later on, as the story becomes more dramatic, there are two more dances expressing the religious side.

The story opens with the vision of a certain priest of old Japan, who sees the ideal of his prayers in the form of the goddess of mercy, called "The Kwaunon." The message comes from the vision that if the priest would go to the house of a certain Oiran, or courtesan, he will see the goddess in person. Marvelling much at the strange directions he, nevertheless, starts out on his quest. The stage setting of this scene is a *nocturne* in black and white like a rare old Japanese print in some treasured collection.

The second scene is a Japanese street. Here there is an encounter between two lovers of the Oiran, both of whom have an appointment to meet the lady here at the same time. There is a fierce contest which threatens to become deadly when the Oiran herself appears, followed by her girl attendants — charming little maidens without whom she must not appear. She separates the combatants and to pacify them says she will give the Saki cup to the favored one at her home that evening.

Then comes the third scene in the quarters of the Oiran. This is a dainty and charming tea-room in black and gold. It is a delightfully simple scene, very harmonious and satisfying which accomplishes much toward conveying to us the reality of the little drama. The Oiran enters attended by her girls, who wait on her and help make her toilet behind a screen which hides her from the visitors who are already awaiting her appearance. This is an attractive bit and we are entertained meanwhile by a Japanese solo on a quaint instrument played upon by a slave girl.

When the Oiran appears, resplendant in gorgeous robes of gold and crimson and black, she bears cherry blossoms which she arranges in a bowl. She sits between her guests, who wait for her, kneeling in Japanese fashion. There is a ceremony and a presentation of the pipe, which all smoke in succession. After a short conversation in Japanese, which takes place between the two lovers, one presents a poem, written on a long scroll, which the hostess graciously receives. She now rises, removes the gorgeous outer mantle and is revealed in a kimono of black satin, elaborately embroidered in gold with scarlet skirts. She then dances the cherry blossom dance, which is a wonderful thing expressed in long sinewy, flowing lines and postures. The spirit of the suave, gentle, beauty-loving children of old Japan breathes forth in this exquisite dance. The lovers still wait for the Saki cup which is to show the favored one, while slave girls perform a simple dance until the mistress returns to give the chrysanthemum dance. Conceived in quite a different spirit this gay flower dance is the expression of youthful joy and pleasure. In a pink and blue and yellow-flowered kimono with a wide hat of chrysanthemums and large chrysanthemum rosettes in each hand, the dancer seems possessed with the delight of living.

Photo Schulz

RUTH ST. DENIS IN THE BAKAWALI DANCE

There is a most effective dance called the "Samurai" which is warlike in its character. It is one of the most attractive dances of the series. Miss St. Denis here appears in an old-gold satin costume of trousers and blouse with striped blue and gold girdle and front piece. She carries a spear and fights a second Samurai, who has two swords which he flourishes skillfully. He is finally overcome and the tall, lithe form of the younger Samurai towers above the conquered adversary.

The old priest now appears at the door of the house and seeks admittance, he is at first refused, but finally is allowed to enter when he pleads being sent by the goddess. He takes his seat in a quiet corner and watches attentively. The Oiran again enters and gives tea to the priest, dances a lovely fan dance and a second mysterious dance in which she holds the Saki cup or bowl of life. This dance is a symbolic thing and expresses the transmutation of lower into higher. As she dances, the Oiran changes the first cup for another bowl which she carries in the sleeve of her kimono and which is the symbol of the "cup of life." This she gives to the startled priest. At the same instant she drops her outward kimono, typical of the material life, and is shown clothed in the divine garments of a goddess and is transmuted into the goddess herself. The priest sees in objectified form the Kwaunon or Goddess of Mercy. Thus his vision is again revealed and the message made clear which is in the words of a modern poet, "That even in the scum of things something ever, always sings," or that in the lowest person the divine is to be discovered—the Buddha is revealed.

This idea is as old as humanity and as new as to-day. For each must find it out for himself and live to the higher, discarding the lower form. This is no vague abstraction to Miss St. Denis, indeed, if the word does not frighten—it is her message. For she says: "My art is half a religion to me. If it were not, I could not dance. For each artist has but one message to deliver to the world. Search closely the lives and art of all the great artists and you will find that each sees fundamental truth."

Imagine an actress who designs and oversees the making of her stage settings, including the painting of scenery and making of her own elaborate costumes and those of all her company; who writes her own dramas, and produces her own plays and you will have some idea of the intense activity of this interesting woman.

ADA RAINEY.

Photos White

Mrs. Howard (Effie Shannon)

Mrs. Brinton (Alice Putnam)

Act I. Mrs. Howard tells her friend that she means to become gay

Michael Doyle (Bruce McRae)

Mrs. Howard (Effie Shannon)

Act II. Michael Doyle explains the condition of his heart to Mrs. Howard

SCENES IN "YEARS OF DISCRETION," AT THE BELASCO THEATRE

Novelties in a Novel Play

IT is an unusual dramatic entertainment that possesses more than one novelty. "Years of Discretion" has four. It has a novel theme. Its chief star has risen gloriously at a time when many less active stars are preparing comfortably to set. The play was written by a married pair whose joint first product it is, and who, though collaborators, are still blissfully wedded. Finally, it is a triumph of sentiment over business, or at least of sentiment in business.

The theme is a widow's rebellion against old age, and the astounding results of her revolt. David Belasco, facing the difficulty of interesting an unromantic public in the romance of a nearly old woman, decided to make an experiment within an experiment. Sending it adventuring upon that vague land, the Road, where failure does not hurt so acutely as at one of the nation's pulses, a great city, and accompanying it in its adventures, he directed the performance into three several channels. He tried a burlesque of the emotions, and was convinced that such treatment was brutal and lacked humor. He tried "playing it for pathos" and that human mirror, the audience, reflected fewer sniffles than smiles.

"It must be played for comedy," he concluded.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hatton, authors of "Years of Discretion"

As a feather light comedy it was an instant success. The public crowded upon each other's heels to witness the tripple flirtations of a widow who had descended from the shelf, and to watch her willingly reascend to that position, which, if not luminous, is indisputably comfortable. It drew from their shelves persons who, from that height, peer now and then, a bit shamefacedly, into the land of romance, secretly wondering whether it still holds any possibilities for them. The audiences of "Years of Discretion" prove how large a number of middle-aged persons there are in any community, what latent magnetism is in them, what pathetic desire to believe that some of the thrilling joys of life remain for them. Because the fear of old age stalks, confessed or unconfessed, in the soul of everyone the play has a human appeal.

It is a universal play, whose universality is in part attested by the women who assemble on matinée days to "see how she does it," "it" being the rejuvenation of her youth by mysteries of the toilet, and other and deeper mysteries of the soul.

Another novelty is the bursting into dazzling radiance of Miss Effie Shannon. Miss Shannon has been on the stage for more than a quarter of a century. She has played the young girl while young girls have been born, have grown up and married and themselves given ingénues to the world, but she has never attained the power of illumination displayed in "Years of Discretion." It is conceivable, and probably true, that Miss Shannon, always lovely, always of dramatic intelligence, always possessing a soft charm distinctly her own, has had for the first time in the multiplying years, her "chance." It has been many years since the metropolis saw her, at any rate, under satisfying circumstances. She has paid brief visits in indifferent plays, returning to the dim land, the Road, and she had become resigned to the conditions. Like many persons who with unembittered resignation accept them, there comes about a change in conditions. Certainly for Miss Shannon there came opportunity, and she took it gallantly.

It is a brilliant company that surrounds her. Lyn Harding, who created "Drake" in London, whose touch is sure in Shakespearean character, and for the possession of whom Sir Beerbohm Tree is pouting masculinely, but still pouting, at David

White

LAURA HOPE CREWS
Who appeared recently with H. B. Warner in "Blackbirds"

Belasco, who refused to release Mr. Harding to him; Bruce McRae, nephew of that other knight of the stage, Sir Charles Wyndham, but a dashing actor in his own right; Herbert Kelcey who, from having been termed the "mantelpiece actor," because he once had the habit of leaning upon mantelpieces while indulging in love or philosophy, has become a man to whom nearly any rôle may be safely entrusted; Robert McWade, who is of the inherited aristocracy of the profession, and E. M. Holland, of method mellow and tasty as fine old wine.

That a critic should write a successful play is almost unknown. But to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hatton belong both distinctions. Frederick Hatton is a critic of the Chicago *Post,* clever, painstaking, of a gallantry indigenous to his native Virginia, which forbids him, or so his wife declares, ever writing a harsh criticism of a woman. Mrs. Hatton, who three years ago was "Mrs. Jack" McKenzie, and prior to that, Miss Fannie Locke, is an illuminant of the fashionable set of Chicago. She knows the bubble-making froth, but knows also the slowly moving deep stream of the reality of life. Her father was Dean Locke, long the rector of Grace Episcopal Church of Chicago. She received her preliminary training for the broader and deeper education of life, at a girls' school in Stuttgart, Germany. While she was the witty, sparkling, light-hearted "Mrs. Jack" McKenzie she wrote a comedy whose proceeds were used for the beginning of a clubhouse in Michigan. With another comedy she finished the clubhouse.

"How do you happen to know so well the psychology, so to speak, of the widow?" Mr. Harding asked Mrs. Hatton while they rehearsed.

"Oh, I was a widow for six years." Her reply satisfied Mr. Harding.

It was while she was at the theatre one night the brilliant widow met the handsome young critic from the South. The probable happened. Their courtship was punctuated with many discussions of plays.

"Let's write a play," suggested Mrs. McKenzie.

"An excellent idea," assented Mr. Hatton.

Soon after they were united in matrimony the playwriting began.

"Don't," pleaded their Chicago friends, all of whom feared inoculation by the divorce bacillus that thrives in that climate. "All collaborators hate each other."

"We won't," replied they both, and proved themselves prophets of truth.

"We've talked things over, but never differed basically," said Mrs. Hatton. "Frederick is better at play construction and dialogue came easy for me. We talked over every scene and situation, and whoever happened to have time wrote it. The other revised and both discussed. We were seven months writing it."

Belasco, listening in his silent way behind the scenes to the chatter on a Chicago stage after a play, said to the Hattons: "If you write as well as you chat you should write a play."

"We have," they answered.

"Send it to me," he said, and a week later the contract was signed. They are writing another comedy, which is proceeding on the same way. Its genesis was an idea expressed by Mr. Hatton as they drove home from an after-theatre supper party.

"We were so delighted we hugged each other to show our approval," said Mrs. Hatton.

The genesis of "Years of Discretion" was similar. The pair had observed in society the warfare, determined, pathetic and comic, of several of their friends against the encroachment of the years. They made a play of it, a play that is genuinely "the thing."

Playgoers whose hair is white revert occasionally to "the old Lyceum." The affairs of the quaint building whose site, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street, is now nearly forgotten were managed by Daniel Frohman. Its stage director was David Belasco. The now nearly forgotten Lyceum company included Effie Shannon, then a slim, golden-haired girl, and Herbert Kelcey, a matinée idol of his day.

A. P.

TINA LERNER

This gifted and beautiful Russian pianist, who is now making her third tour of the United States, was born in Odessa in 1890. At the age of ten she entered the Conservatory of the Philharmonic at Moscow, winning the highest honors. At fifteen she appeared as soloist with the Moscow Philharmonic Society. After a tour of Russia, appearances followed in Germany and England, and then came her first visit to America

The Little Theatre and Its Big Director

LIKE a neat tavern at the turn of an English lane is The Little Theatre. Like a college professor is the man who directs it, who is, indeed, The Little Theatre.

WINTHROP AMES
Director of The Little Theatre

The playhouse, whose capacity is three hundred—that is an institution unique in this country—presents a façade of red brick dully toned, trimmed with chaste, straight lines of white cement. Its windows are many-paned and shine with neatness. There are potted plants on the window ledges, plants arranged in precise, regular rows. Fronts of houses always remind me of faces. That of The Little Theatre is sedate, of exceeding decorum and dignity, as a fair Quaker face looks demurely forth from its gray silk bonnet.

A tall man with the bend at the shoulders which we know as "the scholar's stoop" gets out of a taxicab, darts beneath the white, shield-like sign bearing the name of the theatre in black letters and strides through the broad, white entrance and up the stairs to the offices that are as compact and immaculately kept as the front of the building with its suggestion of perfect housekeeping portends. He wears a long snuff-colored greatcoat and soft hat of the same color. He is several inches past six feet in height and of exceeding slenderness. He is pale, and one eyebrow, the right, being considerably higher than the left, lends his face a quizzical, half humorous expression, emphasized by an occasional, quickly-vanishing smile.

His pallor, his habitual gravity, his stoop, add to the appearance of many years to his age. A glance reveals him an old-young man. This is the director, the incarnate idea, of The Little Theatre. He is, indeed, The Little Theatre.

He hung the snuff-colored hat and coat in a closet, closed the door with the carefulness of one of precise habits, sat down at the neatly ordered flat-topped desk, turned on the swift smile, turned it off again and said:

"The theatre is the most elusive of topics. It is a vague subject, because its conditions are influx and what one says to-day may not in two years be at all true. When we talk of it we deal in quarter truths. It is the most uncertain of the arts. A painter knows the size of his canvas. A writer knows what a word, or set of words, will convey. But a director of a theatre deals with human factors, and they are always uncertain. In any of the other arts a man knows what he can do from the beginning, but in the theatre no play is ever given as the author intended it. No character is ever portrayed quite as he intended it. It may be better or worse, but it is different. One starts with something, having a very definite purpose of what it shall be and it develops quite otherwise, because what he wants to do is bent from its purpose by the medium of a personality, and personality no one can control.

"A manager must count the cost of an undertaking more than any other director of art. The painter knows how much time it will take to finish his canvas and about what he can get from a purchaser for it. The writer can publish his own books, say for fifteen hundred dollars, or if the book be one of verse for seventy-five dollars, but the manager faces a large expense from the beginning. He cannot produce anything for less than the minimum of five thousand dollars. I hope I have shown that it is the most uncertain of the arts and that it is difficult to be dogmatic about it." The glancing smile, then waiting silence.

"Why do you believe in The Little Theatre as an institution?" I asked its founder in this country.

"For two reasons: In small playhouses one can produce plays that require close range of vision and unquestioned acoustics. They are plays of delicate shadings of tone and that require for their points varieties of facial expression that would be lost in transmission in a large house. Another reason is that you can select your audience. Let me explain that at once. I am not snobbish, and it would be unjust and untrue to accuse me of it. When I speak of selecting an audience I mean that any large city, and especially New York, has many audiences. The different kinds of plays now running, and with equal success, show that there is an indefinite number of them for the sorts of plays that particular audiences like. I set about selecting my audience in two ways. I wanted to open a theatre where I could furnish plays that would be liked by intelligent people. But that was not enough. There are many theatres in New York that do that with success. I wanted to produce such plays as I liked myself and I had faith that there were enough persons resident in and visiting New York who would support it.

"I have never had any foolish idea about educating the public. You can't educate the public taste in plays. You can only deepen and widen the already acquired taste. When a man has grown to the stature of play-going, say twenty-one years old, his tastes are well defined. If he is the sort of man who likes Peter Pan he will grow to like it more and more. If he isn't he will like it less and less. Just as there are chemical constituents in our body that, when predominating, cause us to like certain dishes for dinner and to dislike certain others, so there are constituents of the brain or mind that cause us to incline to one sort of play or the other. The way people change and grow in taste for plays is that they demand better productions and a finer grade of acting. But plays they like at twenty-one they will prefer at seventy-one. With the passage of fifty years they will expect better acting of those plays. In a word the taste in plays only changes in that it becomes more pronounced."

"I see you haven't any inscription above the door of your theatre. If you had, what would it be?"

"Probably: *'I want to do my job well.'*"

"And that job is?"

"I want to produce plays that will entertain and that will have enough truth in them to leave a residue.

Façade of The Little Theatre, West 44th Street, New York City

MAY IRWIN IN "WIDOW BY PROXY" AT COHAN'S THEATRE

Photos White

Alex Galloway (Joseph Woodburn) — Captain Pennington (Orlando Daly) — Gloria Grey (May Irwin)

Act. I. The pretended widow begins her masquerade

Alex Galloway (Joseph Woodburn) — Gloria Grey (May Irwin) — Captain Pennington (Orlando Daly) — Angelica Pennington (Helen Weathersby) — Saphronia Pennington (Frances Gaunt)

White

ALICE BRADY

Recently seen as Meg in "Little Women," at the Playhouse

I want to entertain the patrons of The Little Theatre, but to give them enough to think of so that they will not feel that the evening is wasted. An evening seems to me to be wasted if we are merely amused and nothing is left for the mind to work upon."

"Will you analyze Anatol from that point of view?"

"First tell me how Anatol impressed you."

"As the portraiture of a youthful, irresponsible character, and how the procession of women through his life affected that character."

"That is what I tried to show. Anatol has never seemed to me to be in the least degree immoral. There is nothing in the play to show that his acquaintance with any of the women had been of that nature. His careless, irresponsible nature furnished the entertainment. The value of the play, the residuum, as I saw it, is the reaction of those various types of women.

"My aim is to produce plays that will generally please my audience. I want intelligent people to know that generally they can find at The Little Theatre the class of plays they like."

"Is there any kind of play you will not produce?"

"There are some classes of plays that the architecture of The Little Theatre prevents my producing. I will not produce musical comedies nor melodrama. The stage and auditorium are too small."

"Is there any theme you will not handle?"

"No, for I believe the stage can and should produce anything that is human."

"There is a rather general impression that the United States is tired of the sex play."

"I think that is true of one kind of sex play. The triangle of the French play is beginning to bore American audiences. The reason is that the situation occurs with so little frequency here that it does not make a general appeal. I think people want to see on the stage what they know about. Yet, if the sex play were handled in a great way, it would make a universal appeal."

"When you examine a play what do you ask yourself about it?"

"I ask myself first whether it will entertain. Then I ask myself whether it is true. If it is both of these it is a good play. If it leaves the residuum, of which I spoke, it is a great play."

"What are the great plays on the New York stage this season?"

"I wouldn't like to say that for it might seem invidious. The theatres are commercial. They have to be. It is as foolish to complain about that as it would be to sit down and cry because we are not handsome."

"Suppose, then, we go farther back than this season?"

"'Magda' I thought a great play."

"'Ghosts?'"

"Yes, but it didn't draw."

"'The Blue Bird?'"

"Yes, I thought that a great play."

"But the hardest thing in conducting a theatre is not to find plays, but well-trained players. That lack is the greatest hold-back of the stage. I don't know how it can be remedied. A year or two in stock would be of value, but there are few stock companies and many actors. For instance, a few years ago I met a girl who gave, I thought, much promise. She was pretty, intelligent, and plastic. I thought the future held much of success for her. I met her four years later and she had been playing the same part ever since. The best years of her dramatic life she had wasted on one part.

"I don't know what is to be done about it. Our greatest need cannot be met in present conditions. But I think the dramatic schools could do their work better. I do not wish to criticise, yet the fact confronts us that we have a right to expect from actors the habit of clean and careful speech and the schools do not give it them. We have a right to expect a good physical carriage and that the schools do not give them. So it certainly appears that the schools are not doing all they should."

"The English say their actors are recruited from a better class than ours. Do you think so?"

"I think our stage is growing better every year in that respect. Persons are coming from better homes and with better equipment of education. But I think there may be too much stress laid upon the matter of drawing-room drama and tea-table dialogue. Plays are being written for actors who can talk and act as though they were in a drawing-room, and the English-speaking stage is suffering from that and from the repressed school of acting which is exaggerated elegance.

"A girl came in to see me not long ago and assured me at least four times during our interview that she was a college graduate. She had nothing else to recommend her, appearance, charm, tact, nothing. She seemed nonplussed because I wouldn't engage her. 'But, I'm a college graduate,' she repeated as wonderingly as we said 'good afternoon.' Education adds to an actor's equipment as it does to everything, but it isn't all. It merely adds."

"If you were speaking of Winthrop Ames to someone who did not know him, or if you could step outside yourself and have a look at his work, would you say he is a realist or an idealist?"

"I should say he were neither at all times and that he tried to be enough of each when it was needed. For instance, the trend of

Photo Arnold Genthe

BEATRICE MAUD

Who is appearing in vaudeville as the Salvation lass in "Lead, Kindly Light"

For instance, the trend of some of the theatres, especially in Germany, is toward symbolic settings. I am not in sympathy with that. If the play be one of symbolism, then a symbolic setting of course; but, for instance, if I were producing 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' I shouldn't ask her to wear a symbolic gown nor tell her troubles in a symbolic drawing room. I should want her gowns and the stage sets to be in themselves artistic and characteristic of her. I think symbolism may be carried to the point of absurdity."

Maxine Elliott skating at St. Moritz, Switzerland

I tried to sound the depths of Mr. Ames's self-complacency. He had none to sound. Was he not gratified at having discovered and imported "Sumurun"? "Sumurun" was a novelty, to be sure, but it was very well known. If he discovered it he was only one of many, he said. But there was "The Blue Bird," produced at The New Theatre. Yes, but at The New Theatre he was the servant of the men who employed him. He had introduced a distinct novelty in having daily matinées and Saturday morning performances of "Snow White." At mention of this there was a glint a glimpse of gratification in his eyes.

"I found another public," he said. "I thought the children needed more entertainment than was provided for them, but I am not alone in that. Plans for new theatres are springing up all around us." There were no surface indications of egotism. If any exists it was well hidden in an hour's chat in the quiet inner office on Forty-fourth Street. But there was optimism. He hears no dogs howling for the poor, tattered remnants of the drama.

"The stage is constantly growing better. Recall the plays that were on the boards five years ago and those of this season!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "The number of good plays and worthy productions to-day is greater."

And there is a staunch adherence to the interest that began when at seven he cried for a toy stage and operated it in his nursery. While every feature of the pale, intense face bespeaks sensitiveness, discouragement will not sway Director Ames from his purpose. His intent and the aim of The Little Theatre are one and indivisible. Briefly he expressed it: "To produce plays that will interest intelligent people."

ADA PATTERSON.

The Old School

By one who has acted with Mr. Kean

MR. DE WOLF HOPPER said that when writing to you I was to tell you that he considered me 'some pumpkins.' What he meant by associating me with a vegetable that I don't hanker after is more than I can tell, but he said that you would quite understand."

The above is an extract from a letter written by Miss Madge Titheradge, the charming English actress, to her father, Mr George S. Titheradge, a fine old actor of great culture and refinement, who supported Mrs. Patrick Campbell on her American tour some five years ago, and who at present holds a unique position on the Australasian stage. If every matured playgoer, say of 45 or over, could be plebiscited on the question, 90 per cent. would say that Titheradge was the finest all-round actor Australia had seen. The frailty of old age is upon him now, yet he is still inimitable in some of his old parts, namely, Lord Illingworth in "A Woman of No Importance," Aubrey Tanqueray in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and l'Abbé Dubois in Sydney Grundy's fine play, "A Village Priest." In the last-named play the performance of the old actor, mellowed by age and a wonderful experience which few living actors can boast, is like a benediction of eventide. But to return to the letter—the passage was read in the dressing-room of the actor in the Opera House, Wellington, New Zealand, which is some distance from the big White Way. With the letter had come a copy of THE THEATRE, containing an article entitled "An Aristocrat of the Stage," in which the writer freely expressed her opinion of some of the big actors she had been associated with. The writer had expressed the opinion that Herr Bandmann's Hamlet was a finer performance than Fechter's, which rather aroused the ire of the old actor, then engaged in making up for that blasé old cynic of Wilde's, Lord Illingworth. What was more delightful, it roused his memory of players who were.

White

New clubhouse of the "White Rats," at 229 West 46th Street, New York

"She's not right," said Mr. Titheradge, touching up the end of a wicked eyebrow with the greatest care. "Either her judgment or her memory is at fault. Bandmann a better Hamlet than Fechter? Nonsense! I've seen 'em both—played with Bandmann through more seasons than one—he was twice out here (in New Zealand), you know. In my humble opinion he was not a good Hamlet. He was, contrary to the opinion expressed there (in THE THEATRE), a big burly actor, with a good deal of physical force and weight to help him and a German accent you could cut with a knife to hinder him. Why, dear, oh dear, I remember Mrs. Bandmann saying to me at Bristol—that was in '74—'Are you going to play Othello to that big brute's Iago?' Not very complimentary to him, was it? Of course, I was much slighter than I am now—and a good deal younger by the same token. Bandmann married one of the most charming and attractive of our leading ladies of the time, Miss Millie Palmer, not Minnie, mind! Up till some five or six years ago she was acting in England under the name of Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer. When I was with Bandmann in England the best drawing card he had was a play called

White

ELSIE JANIS AT HOME

This popular star, who is now appearing with Montgomery and Stone in "The Lady of the Slipper," is not content to rest on her laurels as a successful musical comedy star. She also composes songs, writing herself both words and music, and she is seen here trying one of her new compositions on the piano

Copyright Mishkin

MAGGIE TEYTE

This popular young singer has just completed an extensive concert tour of the United States

'Narcisse' (an adaptation from the French), which Tree subsequently played under the name of Gringoire, or perhaps that was the name of his part in the play, I don't know. But he (Bandmann) was not nearly the fine scholarly Hamlet that Fechter was. Don't you believe it for one moment! I never saw Edwin Booth, but I imagine his Hamlet was infinitely superior to Bandmann's.

"I regard Forbes Robertson as my ideal of Hamlet, though in him one misses the great power of the old-time tragedians—men who could create great waves of enthusiasm by sheer power, physical or mental or both. While Robertson is to me ideal in appearance, manner, and reading, he could hardly lift the people out of their seats as the giants of tragedy in the Victorian era. The style is not cultivated now, and the stage does not breed the type, but all the same Shakespeare wrote for the type, and they used to grip their audiences with a tighter clutch than does your modern actor, who insists on being himself in everything he does.

"Old man Irving had none of the physical power—he depended more on his nervous force and personal magnetism to produce the effect obtained by the old tragedians by more robust methods. His appeal was more psychic than physical. I did not consider Irving a great Shakespearian actor of the first class. In my opinion he was at his best in character parts. I was associated with Irving, Toole, and Lionel Brough for some time in London, and saw Irving in a variety of parts, but he was always at his best in character. I remember how good he was as Bob Gosset in 'Dearer than Life.' Afterward I fancy his best work was done in characters, such as 'Louis XI' and the dual parts in 'The Lyon's Mail.' He was fine, too, in 'Richelieu,' magnificent—up to a point—the big dramatic scene where Richelieu says—

> Mark where she stands—around her form I draw
> The awful circle of our solemn church!
> Set but a foot within that holy ground
> And on thy head—yea, though it wore a crown—
> I launch the curse of Rome!

At that point Irving used to fail—he became too shrieky. Good Lord! I remember old Jack Ryder, that sound actor who trained Adelaide Neilson, the finest Juliet the world has ever seen, being in front one night to see Irving's 'Richelieu,' and when it came to the curse scene, his comment was 'Mother Shipton, by God!'

"I'm old enough to have acted with Charles Kean, one of the best of the old-time tragedians. It was his last and my first year on the stage, and we met at Portsmouth (in 1867). In those days he was pretty feeble though not an old man, and did not used to rehearse with us. Old Jimmy Cathcart used to put us through, and I can remember how pleased Jimmy was when I mistook him for Mr. Kean at the first rehearsal. Kean was what I should describe as a classical actor, who worked more on the lines of Irving than the old declamatory style—he acted through his brain more than his brawn. He did not possess a robust physique—I am speaking of his last year on the stage, the one before he died—but I should think that at no time did he possess great physical power. I played Bernardo to his Hamlet when I was a younker at the business, and can distinctly remember how strikingly I was impressed with his thoughtfulness and intellectual discrimination. For instance, in the earlier scene where Hamlet first meets Horatio, Marcellus and Bernardo, Kean greeted Horatio effusively as his dear intimate friend Marcellus with a little more reserve, but before he greeted me there was a distinct pause—so much so that I thought there was something the matter with me—and then as if trying to recall if he, as Hamlet, had ever met Bernardo before, and not wishing to make a mistake, said with such grave courtesy, 'Good even, sir!' Kean was, however, much better as Louis XI, in which rôle I think he was magnificent, chiefly because perhaps at the time I saw him he was very feeble, and drawn in the face which made him a natural Louis. I never imagined I could see anyone as fine in the part until I saw Irving play it, and I had the pleasure of telling Irving so not so long before he died. It was at the Green Room Club in London, when Sir Henry was presiding at dinner, that I told him that I did not think it possible for anyone to disturb my impression of Kean as Louis, but Irving had done it in as masterful a piece of character acting as one is likely to see once in a generation.

"Of all the actors I have known Charles Dillon was the god of my idolatry. He was a man without a single physical quality to recommend him—a short, stubby, thick-set man, with a black moustache like a shoe brush which he would never shave off. There were times when he would act most vilely, but in the vein no actor I have ever seen—and I have seen a few—could approach him. He had a most wonderful voice—vibrant with tones that in pathos or agony used to thrill even those who were acting with him. He was simply wonderful (*Continued on page vi*)

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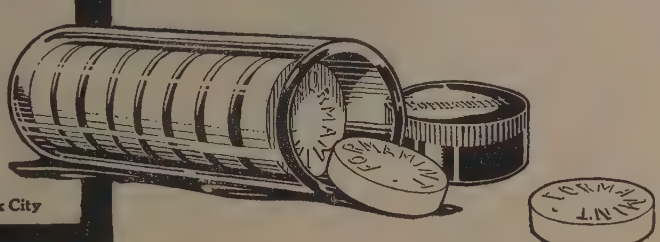

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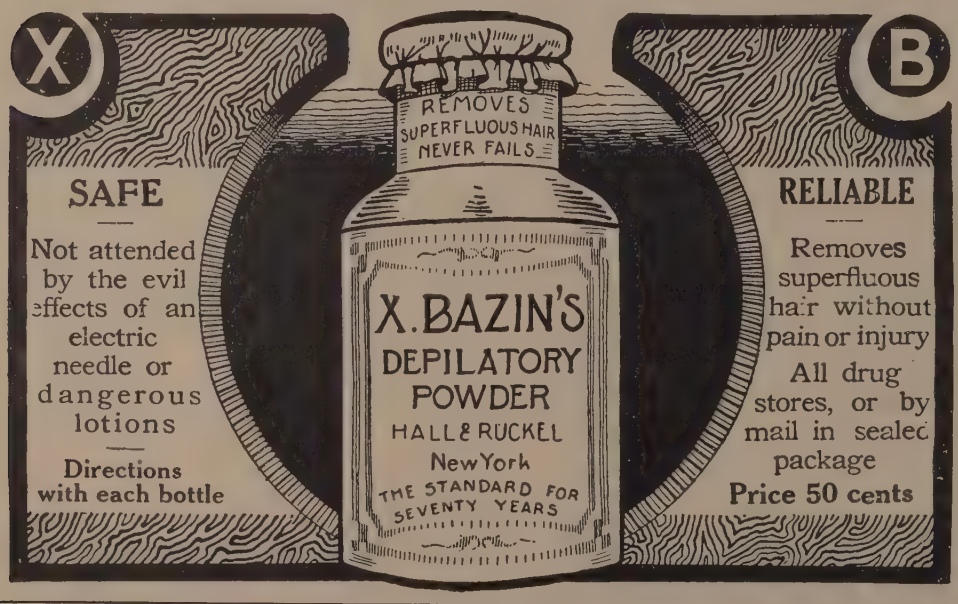

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THE OLD SCHOOL

(*Continued from page* 128)

as Belphagor the Mountebank,' and was the finest Othello and King Lear I have ever seen. By the way, it was with Dillon that Lady Bancroft made her first appearance on the stage. That was at the Lyceum and the play was 'Belphagor.' What a man he was—what a thorough-going Bohemian! I remember my first week with him at Exeter. I was getting the magnificent salary of £2 a week—when I got it! The first Saturday I received £1 only, yet before I was out of bed on the following Sunday morning, Dillon had sent round to borrow it back again. Still he was the soul of honor and as soon as the money came in he would immediately pay all his debts—a warm-natured, generous-hearted man as ever lived! I remember the day I was called on to play Buckingham to his Richard III. I knew nothing of the part, but we started in at 10.30 A.M. to rehearse (it was in Glasgow), and we kept at it until 4 in the afternoon. That is to say, we were in the theatre or thereabouts the whole day, but we made little progress, for Dillon would vanish into the adjoining 'pub' whenever he had a wait, there to be the centre of an admiring group of actors (of whom I was one), and as it frequently happened that his call would come in the middle of a yarn the rehearsal had to wait. All I knew of Buckingham that night I learned between 4.30 and 7.30 P.M. Among other good performances of Dillon's were Benedict in 'Much Ado' and 'Don Cæsar.' Dillon was absolutely a genius, but was unfortunately for himself a dear dissolute fellow, whose heart was as big as his great brain.

"Dillon was manager with the late Fred Wright (who died a few months ago). I got an engagement with them at Leicester at 18s a week, for which I had to supply six changes of dress for 'The Streets of London,' and dress up nine flights of stairs. The same season I had a row with the 'first old man' (we used to specialize then), and he was sacked, and I had to play his part as well as my own without any increase in salary. One of our bills included the comedy 'Mr. and Mrs. White,' and in that play was a baby, whose name to-day is Huntley Wright.

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BOHEME AND KONIGSKINDER AIRS BY FARRAR.—Bohème, *Mi chiamano Mimi*, Puccini.

This loveliest of Puccini airs is given during the scene in the first act between Mimi and Rudolph. The young poet is alone in the garret of the Bohemian, when a timid knock is heard, and the visitor proves to be Mimi, a young girl who lives on the floor above. She has come to ask her neighbor for a light for the candle, which has gone out. They enter into conversation, and the young girl tells Rudolph of her pitifully simple life; of how she works all day making artificial flowers, which remind her of the blossoms and green meadows of the country; of the lonely existence she leads in her chamber up among the housetops.

Königskinder, *Weisst noch das grosse Nest*, Humperdinck.

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TWO NEW HEMPEL RECORDS.—Variations on an Air from "Daughter of the Regiment," Donizetti-Adam.

The rôle of Marie is one of Mme. Hempel's favorite ones, and it is hoped that she may be seen in it during her present stay in America.

La Villanelle, Eva Dell' Acqua.

Of the two versions of Dell' Acqua's brilliant song, Mme. Hempel has selected the most elaborate, one which taxes the powers of any singer. The number is well adapted to the exhibition of the remarkable gifts possessed by this young soprano, and she gives it a dazzlingly brilliant rendition.

THE BEAUTIFUL LETTER DUET BY CARUSO AND FARRAR.—Manon, *On l'appelle, Manon*, Massenet.

This number occurs at the opening of Act II, the scene representing the apartment of Des Grieux and Manon in Paris. Des Grieux is writing at a desk, while Manon is playing looking over his shoulder.

This is among the most beautiful of the Caruso-Farrar duets, and is undoubtedly one of the most exquisite examples of perfect duet recording possible to imagine. Advt.

Paris Stirred by a Patriotic Play

(*Continued from page* 104)

himself of late, in order to serve his country in spite of all. Mme. Eulin, though ready to defend her son, is stricken with admiration at the sublimity of the old soldier's loyalty. And as she sees the two men gradually reach the paroxism of murderous fury, she seizes a revolver and threatens to kill herself. Immediately they both rush to take the weapon from her and join efforts to comfort the woman whom they both love equally. But when the colonel breaks the last, most terrible news to her of the second son's death and the imminent danger of war, her whole being cries revenge. She orders Pierre to join his post without delay, and the young theorist of universal peace is so convinced of the necessity for everyone to stand by his country in her hour of need, that he rushes off without farewell. And after him, the old colonel goes toward an obscure death in the accomplishment of his mission.

Maurice Donnay's play, "Les Eclaireuses" ("The Women Scouts"), is of an entirely different type. It is a clear-cut comedy, rich in charming detail, with an abundance of *mots d'esprit* that are not set into the text, but come easily, naturally, as the situations call for them. It is very characteristic of Donnay's dramatic art and stamps him, once more, as a writer of great delicacy and originality.

The women scouts are what might be called the suffragettes of Paris society. The author evidently intended to write a play about women's rights. The question is discussed, pro and con, in the most delightfully entertaining way, all through the first three acts. The last act is given up almost exclusively to the love theme, a thing so human, so real, that one would feel sorry it has been somewhat neglected until then, had the first acts been less excellent than they are. Is it, what the French call, a *pièce à thèse*? No, the love story in it saves it from the almost inevitable boredom that goes with the preachy kind of play. There is no feminism, no suffragism; all the grand ideas about women's rights are swept away like milk-weed fluff in the wind before the eternal and sacred appeal of love and a home. That is the conclusion to be drawn from "Les Eclaireuses," the finest, most spirited, most poetical play that this brilliant dramatist has yet produced.

The third among the most noteworthy Paris productions of the season is Henri Kistemaeckers' "L'Embuscade" ("The Ambush"). Kistemaeckers is a very young man and has already brought before the public a long list of dramas and novels. One wonders when he ever had the time to study, to "take in" before "giving out." His seems to be a considerable gift of facile imagination and clever execution. It is doubtful, as yet, whether he will ever attain the literary and artistic level of Lavedan, Donnay and others; but his work is interesting, always gripping, and after he has put you through all kinds of emotions, he drops his curtain on a nice solution, and you leave the theatre with a smile of comfortable, bourgeois satisfaction.

The story of "L'Embuscade" is purely melodramatic, but Kistemaeckers handles it with such deftness that the play is not in the least out of place at the Comédie Française, which is saying a great deal. One hardly perceives the melodrama in the play until all is over and you allow your analytic mind to reflect on it.

Sergine Gueret has been happily married for twenty years to a wealthy builder of automobiles, who is in absolute ignorance about an accident in her life that happened some time before their marriage. She was seduced by a young scapegrace, who left her with a baby, a boy, who was taken away and brought up far from his mother. He has now become an engineer and is about to go to Australia to make his career. Sergine wants to see him once before he leaves, and, through an old friend of hers, Robert is invited to a ball at her house. Gueret, Sergine's husband, is so favorably impressed by Robert, that he offers him a splendid position at the head of his factory. Robert gives up his Australian plans, and complications begin. Shortly after he is installed in his new office, the workmen of the factory begin to strike. As the strike is prolonged, it becomes disastrous to both parties. Robert finds himself in a dilemma. He knows nothing of his parents, his family, and feels at heart closer to the strikers than to the boss, in whose house, however, he is received with warm cordiality. He wants to make a test and find out to which class he really belongs, and for that reason asks the Guerets for the hand of their daughter. Of course, Sergine has reasons to refuse, but she cannot tell Robert the real ones. In her anguished perplexity she says that he cannot marry her daughter because he is only an employee. That answer decides Robert to hold

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A Correction

The portrait of Miss Elsie Ferguson, on the cover of our last issue, was credited by error to Mishkin photographer, N. Y. The photograph was taken by White, of 1546 Broadway, N. Y.

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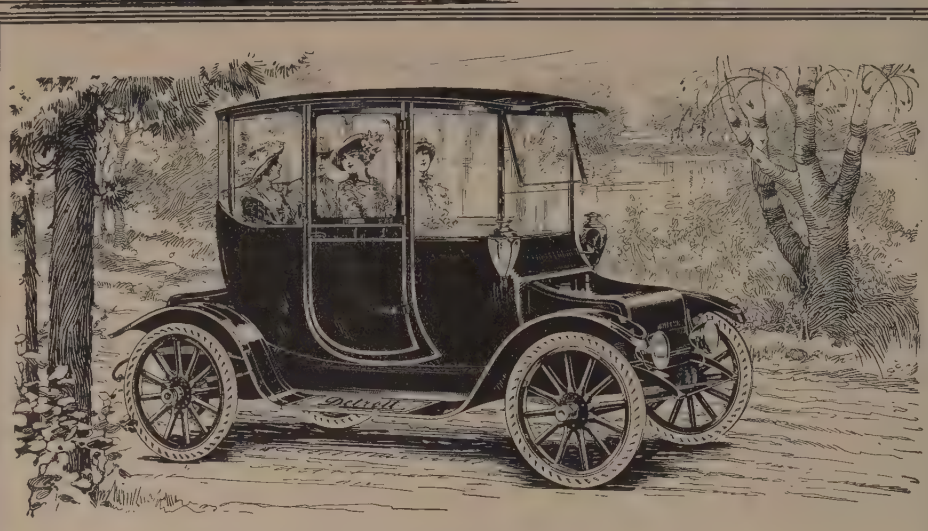

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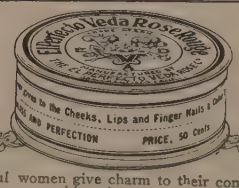

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frankly with the strikers. He comes to Gueret at the head of a delegation, to negotiate. If the boss refuses, the factory will be blown up by dynamite. Gueret, who has become suspicious for some time past of the affection Sergine shows for the young man, believes that his new attitude is the result of the lover's jealousy of the husband, or possibly the revenge of the rejected suitor to his daughter's hand. He remains untractable. The threat is carried out. A moment of tense silence between the two men is broken by the muffled report of the explosion. Gueret is ruined, but he will not let Robert go without punishment. He jumps at his throat to strangle him, when Sergine rushes in to save her son. The revelation comes down like a thunderbolt on both men. Gueret leaves the room, saying: "Take her, she is yours!" The catastrophe seems irreparable. But the play would not be by Kistemaeckers if this were the end. The author has provided a fourth act, amidst the ruins of the factory, full of beautiful scenic effects and respectable sentiments. Gueret has thought the matter over and accepts Robert as a member of the family. They will, all four together, start out in life a-fresh, and the play ends with the happiest prospects.

Kistemaeckers has avoided all the doubtful turning points in this play with remarkable skill, and his dialogue is neat and precise. If one takes his lines independently, they are not particularly sparkling. Yet, the whole is solid, and there are some very appealing sentimental developments. His ideas are not absolutely novel, nor are they commonplace or hackneyed. He strikes a happy medium in almost everything, and, above all, he leaves us with the impression that life is good, in spite of all; and that one may find a pleasant refuge in work, in kindness bestowed upon others, in what is often disdainfully called mediocrity. It is not as lofty an ideal as it might be, but it has the precious advantage of not being unattainable.

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DORIS KEANE

(*Continued from page* 112)

place to practice it. There is only one place to work and that is America, for here lies the future.

"It is only great mental effort that makes great art, you know! Mme. Vera Komisarshevsky, who was here with a company of Russian players a few years ago, made me realize that more forcibly than anyone else. There was a woman with mentality and imagination! She played here for five weeks, but I saw her in everything that she did and at the end of that time I was worn out with the effort of following the subtleties of her mind. I didn't miss a performance, it was the finest course of study I could have had. She was one of the foremost figures in Russia, one of the liberal educators of the stage and more biographies have been written of her than of Tolstoy—and yet only a handful of people realize that she ever visited this country. When she died, fifty thousand people walked behind her bier through the streets of St. Petersburg—you see, she had her following! Do you know of any American who could be so honored?"

Such championing of things European is just what one would expect from the actress who succeeded in playing the part of one of the Viennese demi-monde in "Anatol" while rehearsing the part of a diva of the Italian opera in "Romance" without allowing a word or an action of the one to obtrude upon the consciousness or to intrude upon the atmosphere of the other. Her success in creating a foreign atmosphere, in portraying foreign temperament, leads one naturally to inquire whether this product of our own Michigan felt that she had to reach across half a continent and an Atlantic ocean to find the people with whom she felt in closest sympathy.

"I'm afraid that I must admit that I do," she said, adding quickly, "but that's no harm to America! You see, I was in a convent in Paris for two years, and I've lived in London a great deal, and then—and this, I think, is perhaps the most potent reason of all—I steeped myself in Russian literature when I was still a very young girl. If you'll look at the books on that table, you will see that I haven't deserted the Scandinavians yet. The idea of personal freedom, which is so universal now, really started with the Russians, who within the last hundred years have thrown off all the shackles that bound them through the centuries."

Strindberg was there and Ellen Key and next to them Orlief and Dostoievsky and Tolstoy.

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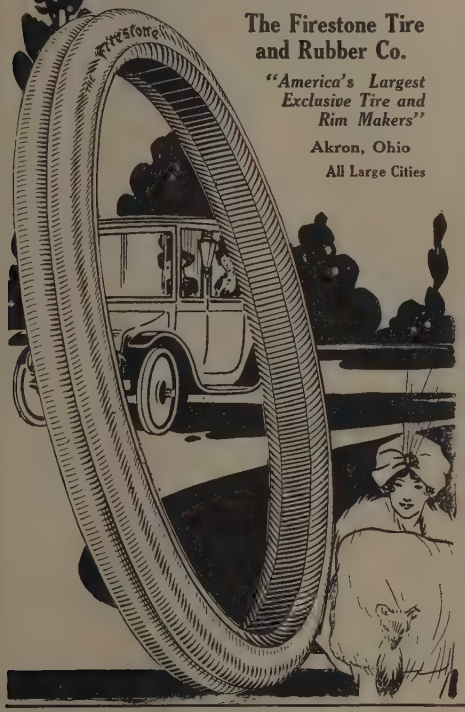

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such direction, I have become a disciple of the realists? Has it ever occurred to you that the dramatic is really the last of the arts to be affected by realism? But since it has entered this province within the last five years it has broken down many of the most cherished stage traditions. Why, five years ago, plays like "Rutherford and Son" and "Hindle Wakes" would have been condemned as morbid, sordid and utterly impossible. Do you know, I really believe that the failures of the realistic dramatists from Ibsen down have gone to make successes of these present-day realistic plays. There must always be sacrifices."

Two little paroquets, resplendent in the Italian garrishness of their coloring, brought her attention back to her own surroundings with their gentle tweeking. They were a gift from Mr. Sheldon, she explained, but since she could not bear to have them living in the darkness of her dressing room, she had brought them to her hotel to live, thereby sacrificing the "realism" of the last scene in his play. But Adelina Patti, the wee monkey which is the other bit of animal realism in this production, doesn't mind the dark, so long as it has warmth.

"An intelligent appreciation for things theatric is developing all over the country," said the actress. "The people are becoming sincerely interested in the drama; they are not going to the theatre merely to be amused. If they keep this up we shall soon evolve a national theatre like that of Manchester. They can dare and they can afford to put on plays that would not make commercial successes and in this way they better the taste of the theatregoers."

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AT THE OPERA

(*Continued from page* 107)

He brutally beats her. But, then, she tells him that all she has done has simply been to test his love and that she is "pure"—Voila!

Zandonai, the composer of this score, is a young Italian, just thirty, and this is only his second opera. The best that can be said of the work is that it holds forth promise. Because its action is laid in Spain and begins in a tobacco factory, it suggests "Carmen," and the episodic character of some of this music also suggests "Louise." But both suggestions of resemblance are throttled almost before they have had time to crystallize. "Conchita's" music does not invite detailed consideration. It is very disappointing.

The performance marked the first New York appearance of Tarquinia Tarquini, a young Italian soprano who sings fairly well, is supple in her acting and has any amount of temperament. Charles Dalmores acted the enamoured one, Don Mateo, not very happily. He sang mostly with might and main. Louise Berat acted the part of Conchita's mother finely.

Finally, "Le Ranz des Vaches," opera by Wilhelm Kienzl, libretto by Richard Batka after a novel of Rudolph Bartsch called "La Petite Blanchefleur," which was first heard in New York at the Metropolitan on Tuesday evening. February 25th.

The work was sung in French, although it is a German opera that has won success in its native land under the title of "Kuhreigen." This name may be translated into English as "Song of the Cowherd." It is not at all an uninteresting story, dealing with the troublous times just preceding the French Revolution, when the Swiss recruits in the French army were forbidden to sing the "Ranz des Vaches," because it reminded them so strongly of their native land that they deserted the army in droves. The penalty for singing this song is death, but Primus Thaller, one of the Swiss officers, yields to his longing for home and sings the song. He is convicted, sentenced to death, but the king, instead of signing the death warrant, delivers Thaller to one of his court favorites, Blanchefleur, wife of the Marquis Massimelle. She, enchanted with his frankness, proposes that he come with her to her estates and act the shepherd in her pastoral paradise. He refuses when he finds that she has a husband. Now the French Revolution breaks, and Thaller is made a captain. He is enamored of Blanchefleur, and when her husband is killed he offers to save her from the guillotine if she will flee with him to his Swiss village and become his wife. But she, aristocrat to the tips of her fingers, tells him that death as a marquise is preferable to life as "Mrs. Thaller." So she goes to her doom, leaving the heartbroken soldier.

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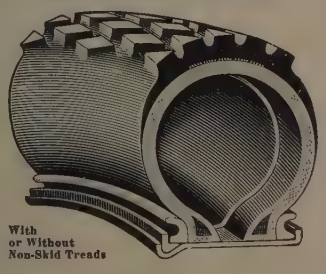

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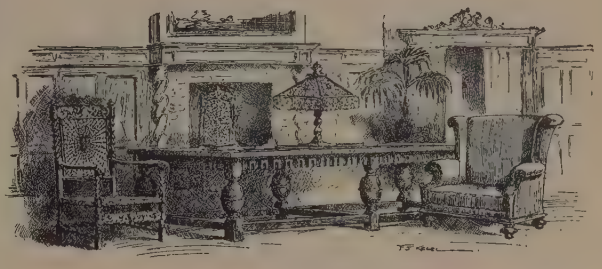

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music, music that would sound far better in a theatre smaller than the Metropolitan. The first act has for its mood the folk song of the Swiss, the *Ranz des Vaches*. The second act is the king's bedroom at Versailles, and here the chief feature is a march and a gavotte, both very pleasing. Then comes the turbulent French Revolution scene with its *sans culottists*, and here the composer misses the given opportunities entirely, showing no trace of ability to write dramatic music. The final act, the dungeon scene, is graced by a charming minuet, danced by the condemned aristocrats. In addition there is some pretty love music scattered through the work.

Its presentation by these visiting opera singers was far from satisfying. Helen Stanley, as Blanchefleur, sang quite well but with a tiny voice, and Dalmores as Primus Thaller was not happy in this lyric music, as he has become a strenuous dramatic tenor. Eleonora de Cisneros, as a daughter of the bloodthirsty revolutionists, was boisterous. Best of all was Dufranne in the rôle of Favart, a French officer. He lent this part distinction as he does most rôles. Campanini conducted with constant striving for brilliancy rather than for delicacy. The audience was quite unsympathetic and this, the closing one of the series of performances by the Philadelphia-Chicago company, went to its end without any of the usual show of enthusiasm that usually marks these presentations.

Chiefly notable among the regular routine of Metropolitan performances of the month have been the German works. In the Wagner "Ring" series there was a "Siegfried" with Urlus in the title rôle that was one of the best presentations of this opera seen here in a dozen years. Urlus is boyishly buoyant without being in the least like a galloping calf, and he sang poetically and with beautiful voice. Gadski was brilliant as the awakening Brünnhilde. Hertz conducted a beautiful performance. Then came a "Götterdämmerung" that will not soon be forgotten, for Carl Braun, the new German basso, sang a Hagen that was simply overwhelming in its greatness. He set forth so clearly what an important dramatic figure Hagen is in this part of the "Ring," the sinister plotter and schemer. A giant in stature, a voice that thrills the hearer with its intense force and an actor who dwarfs almost all others with him on the stage, Braun achieved a huge success. Fremstad was monumentally great as Brünnhilde, Urlus was a magnificent Siegfried—in fact, it was a remarkable performance.

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Model Manchester Theatre

(*Continued from page* 111)

indicates, has been written of as a noble piece of play-making. Both these pieces are to be seen in London this spring and they may be brought here.

For Miss Horniman's company, while repeating its successful tour of Canada, will penetrate this year a little deeper into these United States. Chicago is already scheduled for one of their show places and there remain only certain necessary details to be settled before announcement shall be made of their metropolitan appearances. Mr. Milton Rosmer, one of Miss Horniman's great "finds," Miss Irene Rooke, Miss Muriel Pratt, Miss Sybil Thorndike (whom we saw one season with John Drew) will come over as members of the repertory, not necessarily in leading rôles, for Miss Horniman's Gaiety Company follows the example of the Théâtre Français and the actor who plays a Duke one night may serve as butler in another play on the following night.

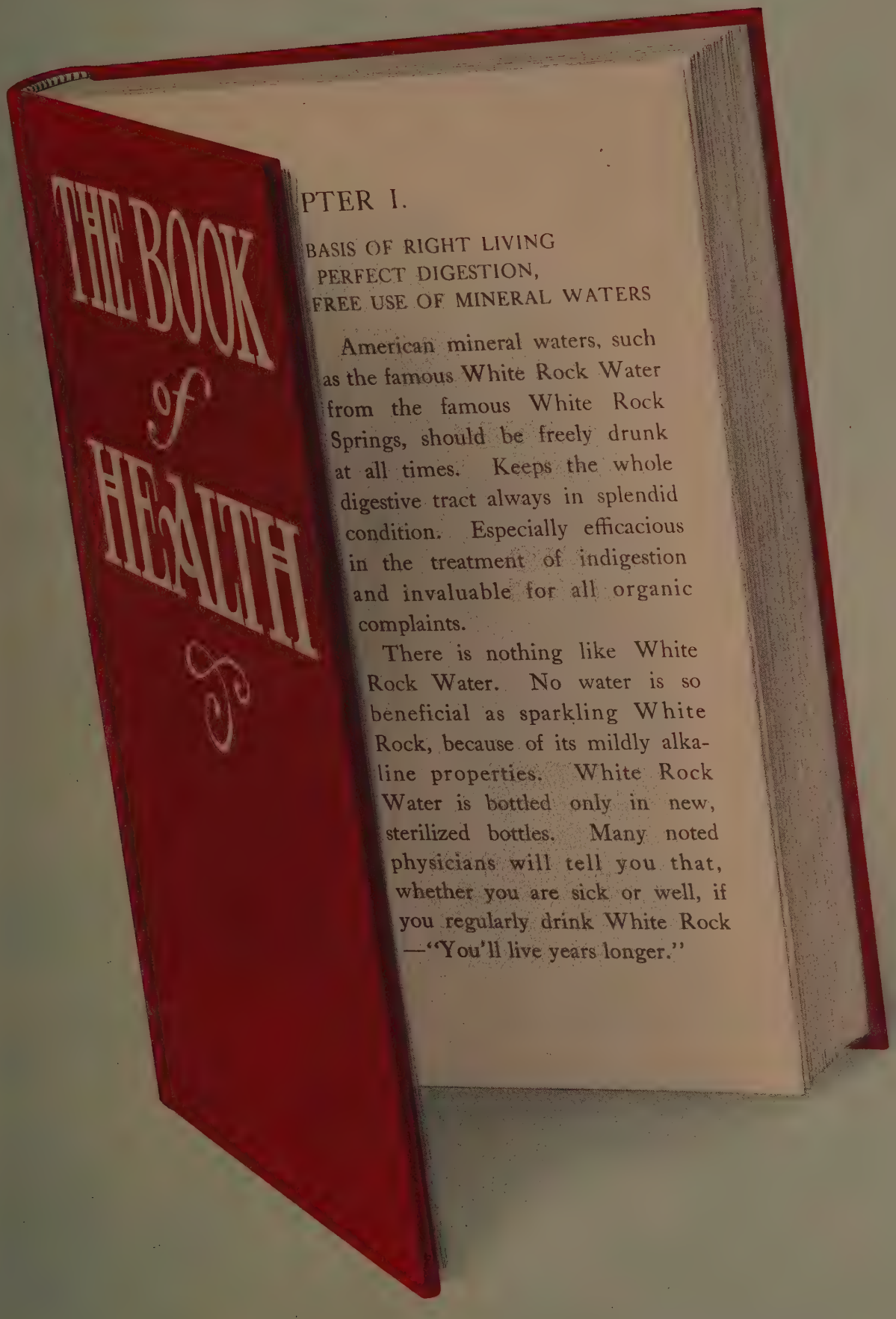
New and old plays will constitute the repertoire of the Gaiety in their transatlantic visit. Here is the list:

"Miles Dixon," "Makeshifts," "What the Public Want," "Nan," "Candida," "The Silver Box," "She Stoops to Conquer," "School for Scandal," "The Rivals," "Twelfth Night."

It was tea that made this realization possible of A. E. T. Horniman's dream, her deceased father having been the famous importer whose advertisements plastered England. His distaste for the theatre extended so far that he prohibited his daughter from the childish joys of "playing theatre," and in her young womanhood he kept her rigidly away from theatrical performances. Almost immediately after his death Miss Horniman's sympathy was aroused for the Irish Players who were trying to make visual the thoughts and characterizations of Yeats and Lady Gregory. This was the beginning and ever since the theatre has been her life.

The now famous manager is forty-five years old, an ardent if not a militant member of the Woman Suffrage party, for which she frequently makes speeches, and very good speeches. Her character shows strong masculine traits, which appear in her handwriting.

JOHANNA SHERRICK.



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The New Plays

(Continued from page 101)

treated her with contempt and contumely. Gloria, upon discovering the situation, and bent on securing the money for her friend, determines to take matters in hand and to impersonate the widow, this being practicable because the widow was personally unknown to the family. It is at once plain from this bare suggestion of a story that countless complications could be started into action. As many incidents as could be crowded into an evening's entertainment and made consistent are seen in the play. Gloria, who had taken the precaution, of course, to inform herself of many family details and facts concerning her "husband," is often hard put to it to answer questions and participate in the conversation, but she is adroit and imaginative. She has to overcome the prejudices of the two puritanical sisters of her late husband, and she does win them over. A more serious happening is that the man of the family falls in love with her. the widow, and she is compelled by love, convenience and the necessities of the action to engage herself to him. She is about to be married to him, indeed, is in her bridal dress with the veil when the lost husband turns up. Gloria's friend, the real "widow," has accompanied her on this mad venture, with whom she has exchanged identities as to name. That such wild complications could be carried off with farcical effect and uninterrupted comedy is proof that May Irwin knows how to make the preposterous reasonable, even natural and always comical.

BROADWAY. "The American Maid." Comic opera in three acts by John Philip Sousa, book by Leonard Liebling. Produced on March 3d with this cast:

Jack Bartlett, John Park; Duke of Branford, Charles Brown; Silas Pompton, Edward Wade; Stumpy, Georgia Mack; Col. Vandeveer, George O'Donnell; Lefty McCarty, John G. Sparks; Annabel Vandeveer, Louise Gunning;; Geraldine Pompton, Dorothy Maynard; Mrs. Pompton, Maud T. Gordon; Mrs. Vandeveer, Adele Archer; Rose Green, Marguerite Farrell; Nellie Brown, Mary Smith; Hans Hippel, H. Hooper; Pietro Nuttino, Pietro Canova; Gawkins, J. Kern.

Anything to which John Philip Sousa puts his name is likely to be interesting. In his latest comic opera, "The American Maid," he has written some tuneful and charming music, and the book and lyrics provided by Leonard Liebling leave little to be desired. The piece is superior to the average Broadway musical comedy inasmuch as it contains a real plot. A feature of the performance is a fight between Spaniards, graphically shown by means of cinematograph pictures, which Sousa aptly illustrates with one of his famous marches. Louise Gunning made a charming heroine and sang well, and John Park was well liked in the leading male rôle.

LYCEUM. "The Ghost Breaker." Play in four acts by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard. Produced on March 3d with this cast:

Princess Maria, Katharine Emmet; Warren Jarvis, H. B. Warner; Nita, Margaret Boland; House Detective, C. N. Greene; Rusty Snow, William Sampson; Detectives, Joseph Robison and W. H. Long; Hotel Porter, Frank Hilton; Steward, A. M. Buckley; Carlos, F. H. Westerton; Dolores, Sara Biala; Vardos, Walter Dean; Don Robledo, Frank Campeau; Pedro, James Anderson; Maximo, Arthur Standish; Gaspar, Allen Prentice; Jose, Martin Goodman.

Only with an abundance of good will for Mr. H. B. Warner can the play in which he is now appearing, "The Ghost Breaker," by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard, be considered from a favorable point of view. The play is wildly improbable in many of its incidents, and romantic to the extreme verge of unreason.

WEBER AND FIELDS. Marie Dressler's All Star Gambol. Produced on March 10th.

Any stranger within our gates going to see this "show" would, for obvious reasons, conclude that the New York theatre-going public is so easy that it just tumbles over itself to get into an empty theatre the moment the doors are open, regardless even whether it is to get its money's worth or not. This potpouri of vaudeville has two acts of "Camille," including the death scene, sandwiched in to give "tone" to the performance. The "show" is made up of some dubious singing, some very good dancing and a one-act sketch in which Charles E. Evans and Jefferson de Angelis figure. It has Mr. George Arliss' name to it, but he has no reason to be proud of it. Nevertheless, the playlet, and the burlesque of "Camille," with Miss Dressler and Mr. De Angelis as "Almond" is screamingly funny.

PARK. "The Miracle." It is possible to be very much of a modern and live in the middle ages too, for all you need is a ticket of admission to the Park Theatre. There the Kinemacolor pictures take you back across a space of

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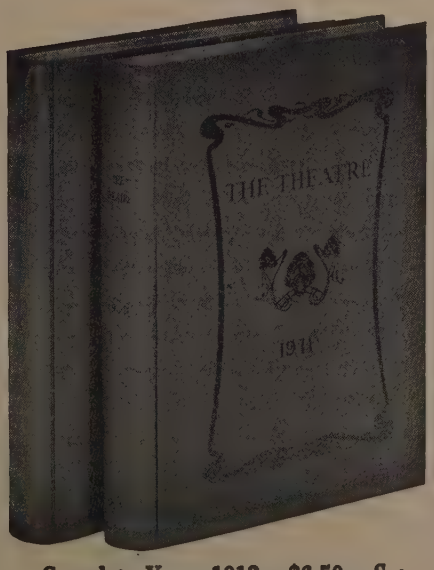

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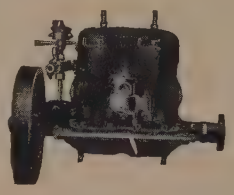

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eight or nine centuries to a nunnery on the Rhine where at a shrine of the Virgin great miracles have been performed. But none was greater than that of which one is told in "The Miracle," the arena spectacle Max Reinhardt produced first in Berlin and then in the Olympic, London. Practically the same company which he trained for the English production played for the Menchen Photo Company amid real scenery far surpassing even that of the manager whose artistry has not been exceeded. The addition of real castles standing high upon hills, approached by long, winding roads, hewn in stone and drawbridges towered over moats, of wooded glens and shaded brooks, of covert hiding-places in mountain clefts for robber bands, genuine old church gardens blooming in the lavishness of spring—all these things make the American version superior to the foreign ones for which the background was but papier-maché. They must compensate for the realness of the actors in the drama, which we forego here. But as Reinhardt believes in pantomimic training for all thespians, this company of players conveyed their meaning as well through the film as they might have, through the voice.

PRINCESS. One-act plays. Produced on March 14th.

The opening of the Princess Theatre, to be devoted to small plays after the manner of the "little theatres" of Paris, was perhaps not regarded, in advance, by the public with any great appreciation of the possibilities of the venture; but the opening night was a triumph and gave assurance that here was something new. The first piece, "The Switchboard," was a simple trifle that had in it more novelty and humor than riskiness. One saw only a girl (Georgia O'Ramey) seated at the switchboard, well to the front, a heavy curtain cutting off the back of the stage. The whole action was in the messages that she received or overheard, her replies to complaints and her observations in passing, and the quarrels and love-making over the telephone. Next came "Fear," by H. R. Lenormand and Jean d'Auguzan, which ran for three hundred nights at the Grand Guignol in Paris. The scene represented an English Army bungalow in India. The cholera had appeared among the natives, and a sweeping epidemic was apprehended. Fear invited the disease and was more fatal than the disease itself. Mr. Blinn bore the most responsible burden of the acting in this little piece, grim and gripping as it was. The heat stifles Beverly (Mr. Blinn). He is brutal to his native servant who draws the punkah too listlessly. Skipton (Edward Ellis), the army surgeon, comes, bringing with him disquieting rumors, and at once sets about examining blood corpuscles through his microscope. Beverly's brutal fear begins to show. Skipton, alarmed at possible infection from an abrasion on his hand, calls suddenly for help. Beverly shoots Skipton in the back, killing him. An officer arrives, notes the absence of Skipton, and finally, after cross-questioning Beverly charges him with the murder, which he confesses and justifies. The desperation of terror possesses him. This fear and its shame culminates in Beverly's attempt to thrust from the bungalow a native, stricken with the disease, and, when in his struggling embrace the two are shot, through the open window, by a file of redcoats. "Fancy Free," by Stanley Houghten, is a delicate little satire. Fancy (Miss Kershaw) has eloped with Algert. They have just reached the hotel, and she is occupied in writing a letter to her husband, Ethelbert (Mr. Blinn), explaining that all was in accordance with their agreement when they married that each could be free whenever the desire for freedom came. Fancy goes out. Ethelbert appears. He has eloped with Delia (Miss Hartz). He is ignorant of the elopement of his wife, Fancy, and Alfred (Mr. Trevor). The dénouement is brought about by the jealousy and love of domination of Fancy. None of the characters is actually incriminated in any immoral act. A very clever little satire, "Any Night," a life study, in three scenes, by Edward Ellis, at once made the quality of this enterprise manifest and individual. It is a frank exposition of the evil night life of the city. It is not an objectionable play, but it is perhaps not for everybody. A girl of the streets, with a hacking cough, a poor, miserable creature, takes with her to a Raines Law hotel a man who is very drunk. To the same hotel we have seen come an innocent girl, lured by a young man of the town. The drunken man with money, who has fallen helplessly on the bed, wakes up, discovers his plight, lectures the girl who brought him there. We see that he is respectable, as he says, a father, unused to such experiences. The hotel is in flames. The innocent girl, panic-stricken, bursts into the room and recognizes her father. The older man and his daughter perish. The moral is clear.

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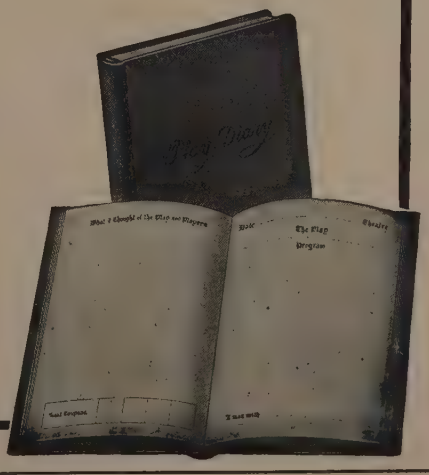

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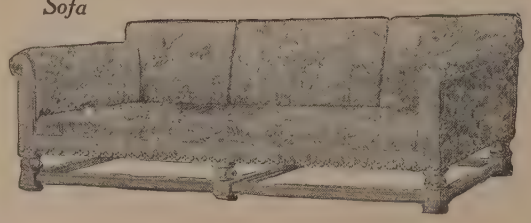

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TIMELY FASHION TALKS

Reproductions of the hats and gowns illustrated in this section can be secured in New York. Send self-addressed envelope for any information you may wish regarding them.

(Fig. 4) SMART TAILORED HAT BY LUCY ET GABY

This good-looking hat is of "niggerhead" brown straw with the brim rolled slightly at the left side. The moiré ribbon, draped in the old blue shade, is caught in the front by a large gun-metal buckle, from which emanates a goura mount in the natural colorings

MANY INTERESTING FEATURES OF THE NEW WARDROBE

THE rumors and predictions that have kept the fashion world on the *qui vive* for the last two or three months have been stilled by the exhibitions of the spring costumes shown across the seas and in this country. The models displayed at these openings are the tentative ones from which the American merchant makes his choice. Later, when the American buyers have returned with their purchases, the canny French designers will bring forth their most choice creations for the delectation of the grande dames of Paris. These are the costumes that will be worn at the races in June, and from them the manufacturers, who must be months ahead of the demand, will gain their inspirations for the early fall costumes. Until June, then, the styles of the present will reign.

What are these new styles? Nothing very new or very revolutionary; more a development of the late winter modes. Even the fabrics, lovely as they are, are all familiar to us under different titles. What novelty there is lies in the curious combinations of materials, and the equally effective combinations of colors. This is to be a color season. To be sure, quantities of white frocks and suits will be worn, but all of them boast the color note persistently struck. And it is to be a silk season as well. With such very good-looking woolen goods as metalassé, rep, éponge, Bedford and needle cords, wool poplin, and covert, it is surprising that silk is so pre-eminent. Yet the majority of costumes shown at the openings were of silk, and if not entirely of silk, of silk and a wool fabric. For instance, a draped black brocaded crêpe skirt was completed with a deliciously inconsequential jacket of khaki cloth, while a skirt of beige metalassé was topped by a jaunty little coat of bottle-green Canton crêpe.

Strictly Tailored Costume

One of the most noticeable features at several of the openings was the unusually large number of severe-tailored costumes. The love of ornamentation is so strong in the French designer that he has declined, hithertofore, to create the simple costume that the American woman knows as a tailored suit. This year, however, Poiret and Premet in particular, made a specialty of these simple and effective tailor-mades.

A slight additional fullness was noticed in the skirts at both of these houses, and the medium for the introduction of this fullness was plaits. Sometimes the result was accomplished by inverted plaits in the back, but more often by plaits let into the front or the side and stitched halfway down the skirt. So cleverly were these plaits stitched and pressed that the lines of the narrow silhouette were preserved.

(Fig. 3) A DRESSY TAILORED COSTUME BY BOB-MARIE

This smart costume could be fashioned from a wool matelassé. The model was carried out in black, though this material is particularly effective in colors and in such neutral tints as putty or sand. The skirt is draped to the left side, where it is caught with a black silk corded motif from which depend cords with very long tassels. The jaunty little jacket has the waist line marked by a belt of satin run through motifs of the silk cord. The revers are nasturtium red satin and open over a vest of brocaded silk, in which the red and yellow tones are mingled. The three-quarter sleeves are restrained at the wrist by folds of the satin run through slits in the material and show the fancy silk lining

A large number of the skirts were slashed at the sides, both on the tailored costumes and on the more dressy silk creations. The effect of this slashing can be studied in Fig. No. 1. A similar effect may be produced by the drapings as is shown in Fig. No. 3. This effect is not new; in fact it is becoming so common that it doesn't bring the slightest tinge of color to the face. You must necessarily admire it when the wearer can display shapely ankles and well-shod feet, but both pity and mortification are called forth when the owner is no longer young nor slender, and the limbs have kept pace with age.

The Diversity in the Styles of Jackets

There is no excuse for any of us to wear unbecoming jackets this season. Fashion has smiled with equal indulgence on short, medium and long coats. Any style may be worn with the satisfying thought that it is fashionable, provided that it is becoming. Both Callot and Premet made a specialty of boleros and Etons. The majority of these jackets opened over dainty white lingerie blouses, and, although they were little, if any, longer than the waist line in the front, they extended twelve inches or more deeper in the back. Some showed a rounded point in the back, others the square tails like a man's dress coat, and still others two saucy tabs.

The semi-fitting coat, either on the cutaway order or with the swagger of the box style, were the choice of Bernard, Beer and Poiret. The first, however, showed several boleros with his twenty-four-inch jackets. The fascinating little jacket shown in Fig. No. 3 must be included in this class. Paquin did not hesitate to show a coat 36 inches long, but this was one

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of the rippling godet basque, suggestive of the Elizabethan period.

The styles of these coats are as diverse as their lengths. There are cutaways with sloping fronts, the concession to stout women, and cutaways with a very broad effect across the front. Many are given a jaunty appearance and a dash of color by vestees of waistcoats of brocade, or one of the new printed stuffs in silk or cotton. The vestee in Fig. No. 3 is very important in lightening up the sombre effect of this all-black costume.

(Fig. 1) *AN EFFECTIVE AFTERNOON FROCK FROM BUZENET*
This charming model could be developed in any of the new crêpes, moiré, Shantung, or failles. The model is fashioned from Nattier blue "moiré." The underskirt is slit at the side with the rounded corners and displays the ankle while the wearer is walking. The two narrow flounces are attached to the draped back panel. There is a suggestion of the bolero on the bodice and an empiecement heavily embroidered in old gold. There are wrist bracelets of black velvet ribbon with lingerie frills The hat of brown Milan straw has a soft Tam crown of blue and old gold brocade, with Numidi feathers arranged at the back

The Untailored Costume

The Russian and Balkan styles are used largely in the so-called untailored costumes, the costumes which have all the softness and looseness of a dressmaker's creation in comparison with the severer and harder lines of the strictly-tailored suit. Many of the whimsical little jackets of silk, which blouse so freely over the belt, not only in the front and back, but at the sides, give this delightful untailored appearance.

The Russian blouse differs from the Balkan blouse in that the belt of the former encircles the waist, while the belt of the latter swathes the hips, either literally or with braid to simulate this effect. Both of these models are very smart and very good-looking on tall slender, youthful figures.

The Charm of the Afternoon Frocks

Both the afternoon and evening dresses are very much draped. The most successful designers have taken the drapings of the Grecian tunics as their inspiration, with the result that the drapery this season is graceful, becoming and artistic. It is less bouffant and voluminous, a blessing for which we can thank the Greek goddesses. A large number of the gowns are draped to show not merely the ankle, but, to be frank, the leg. A veil of pink chiffon, in the form of an underskirt enhanced with lace, revealed in a the fullness, adding to the general slouchy poise.

The draping as shown in Fig. No. 2 is more suggestive of the Orient and the brown-skinned Japanese maiden than of a Grecian statue. This style of draping harmonizes well with the new figure, the fullness, slight as it may be, adding to the general slouchy

The vestees are almost as popular on the blouses of costumes as on the coats, but they are generally of a lingerie stuff tucked and enhanced with a row of tiny buttons. The deep collars of lace, similar to the one in Fig. No. 2 are still very much in evidence, and on frocks of a sombre hue those embroidered in the bright Bulgarian colorings are most effective.

Just a Word on the New Hats

This is the day of the small hat, and it has certainly never appeared in a more alluring light. The variety of shapes is positively astounding. There is the oblong with the becoming elongated side line, often increased by a flower or feathery mount extended beyond the confines of the brim; the deep telescope; the aeroplane, with wings perched jauntily at the sides, and the becoming oriental shapes indented, slashed, crinkled and twisted until a description of them rivals that of a Cubist or Futurist drawing. There has also been a revival of the mushroom shapes, Georgette in particular making extensive use of this very piquant and becoming shape. Caroline Reboux is another far-famed designer who has aided in bringing back the beloved mushroom.

The new hats are worn at a backward tilt so that the hair may form a soft frame around the face. Nine out of ten of the hats are made more becoming by this sane method of wearing the hat, and the trimming at the back continues the line in a charming manner.

The Popular Trimmings

The birds of the air, the flower gardens, even the fruit orchards and the vegetable gardens are represented on the newest hats. Of the feathery trimmings the male goura, the numidi feathers, and the uncurled ostrich are the favorites, though slender pointed wings and quill-like pompons are close rivals, especially on the tailored hats.

It is a joy to see flowers so fashionable at a season of the year when Nature's gardens are putting forth their best efforts. The flowers that blossom in the milliner's gardens, however, would make even Burbank marvel. The desire seems to be to show flowers in the most unusual colorings, rather than in the tones with which Nature has made us familiar. They are particularly effective in mounts and aigrettes and are invariably poised on the crowns to extend outward at the back. The common garden onion, as well as gooseberries, cherries and currants, are arranged in clusters and in aigrettes to add their novel bit of decoration. Worsted bandings in bright colors, ribbons in the Bulgarian and

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(Fig. 5) A PRETTY YOUTHFUL HAT FROM HENNARD

This becoming little hat is developed in white silk, though later in the season linen or ratine could be substituted. There is a decided roll to the left brim and a downward curve to the right side. The soft Tam crown has a drape of white moiré ribbon finishing at one side of the front with a pump bow. A white feather tipped with red is poised at the back.

other Eastern designs, and plumes of remarkable beauty—all are used successfully in the trimming of the new hats.

SOME NOVELTIES IN THE HAT REALM

One of the surprises sprung at a recent millinery opening was the crownless hat, a reproduction of the one worn by a famous actress on the opening day of the Auteuil Steeplechase. The shape is extremely small, suggesting a tam, and is fashioned from black Milan straw with black moiré ribbon draped above what appears to be the crown. At the back a huge mount of black paradise is placed and allowed to spread in fan fashion. To make this hat becoming, it is necessary to wear it well down on the head.

The newest sailor is covered with covert cloth with an underbrim of hemp, and has a band of gros-grain ribbon in the same shade ending in a pump bow. Another novelty is a material known as "cloth straw." This is a foundation cloth with a little thread looped up to give the effect of straw. The stiff, crinkly mourning crêpe has been dyed, and is used successfully for crowns and the drapes encircling the crowns. *(Continued on page xxvi)*

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She will require a good muscle oil, one that will nourish the weakened tissues of the skin and fill in the lines and hollows which have crept around the eyes and mouth and tell so plainly their own story. There is a particularly good one compounded from the recipe of a famous beauty specialist that really makes good its claims, the different ingredients being therapeutically combined to act in perfect harmony and to augment each other in the process of restoration. As it is not expensive, the bottles selling for $1, $2 and $3, you will find that it is worth investigating.

Another invaluable aid in coaxing back the freshness and bloom of a good complexion is a reliable cold cream. There are so many creams sold everywhere these days that it is very important to find a cream which can be thoroughly guaranteed. This search is made difficult by the fact that many of the finest creams are not sold in the shops. There is one, in particular, which is compounded fresh to fill each order under the direction of a man who has studied the requirements of the skin for years. Only the finest and purest of ingredients are used those which will soften and whiten the skin, cleanse it of imperfections and keep it in a generally good condition. There is nothing that can produce even a growth of down, and the odor is delightful, delicate, but fragrant, and so pleasing that it would appeal to the most fastidious woman. It is a cream well worth the $1 asked for a generous jar.

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Lots of running around is entailed in preparing the wardrobe for the coming season, which means that there will be lots of tired, aching feet, for the nerves of the feet have a wise, if painful, method of announcing that they are working overtime. You will be ready to start out again the next morning, however, no matter how tired your feet may have been the night previous, if you have used a good foot tonic. There is a particularly soothing and refreshing one sold by a well-known physician who has studied for years to help her sex. It is easily applied with a brush and almost instantly soothes and stops the throbbing pain in the feet. The women who have suffered with nervous, aching feet have eagerly testified of the relief this tonic has given to them, declaring that if it were priced many times the dollar asked for a bottle they would insist upon having it.

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(Continued on page xxix)

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"Balkan Blouse" Negligee

Of SILK CREPE DE CHINE

SIZES 32 TO 44 BUST

No. 31—**"Balkan Blouse" Negligee** of silk crepe de chine, kimono sleeves; in pink, copenhagen or light blue, lavender, rose, white or black; flat collar, cuffs and sash of messaline in contrasting shade, finished with ball trimming and rhinestone buttons

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(Fig. 2) A CHARMING BRIDGE FROCK FROM ELISE PORET
This delectable gown could be developed with equal success in a silk or cotton fabric. A most effective combination was shown in a model of Chinese red crêpe. There is a curious irregular draping of the skirt, with the fullness brought to the waist line in the front. A wide border of Venetian lace enhances the skirt. The waist is delightfully simple, blousing considerably over the belt of Babylonian blue satin caught with an enamel buckle. The vest of tucked batiste matches in color the blouse and is ornamented with tiny white bone buttons, matching the larger buttons of the white bone with red centres. There is a deep collar in the back of the lace and a top collar of the material

Novelties in Suits and Wraps

For the tall, slender figures, the Russian blouses, or the Balkan blouses, are decidedly becoming. One should remember, however, that they are very youthful and unless time has been kind, it is not wise to risk a caricature. They are fashioned from the soft, supple materials, either of wool or silk, and are delightfully baggy and loose. The skirt is generally draped, with the coat betraying a decided blousy effect. The belt, instead of encircling the natural waist line, swathes the hips. On many of the cloth suits, this belt is braided, but on some of the silk costumes it is finished with a plaited peplum. Young girls and women fortunate enough to have a youthful figure can buy these suits in cloth for $29.50, while one of the other shops is selling models appropriate for the woman with a more mature figure for $47.50.

One of the best looking suits for the country or the shore, just the suit for the girl or woman who goes in for the smart sporty costumes, has the coat fashioned on the model of a man's shooting-jacket—the yoke, the box-plaits, the buttoned pockets, all the essentials. In Viyella flannel, which can be put right into the tub and washed like linen, this jacket with a plain tailored skirt can be bought for $35.00, and in linen, the same model can be secured for $18.00.

Another garment, which is sure to appeal to the woman who delights in having the latest sporting togs, is the coat made from the French awning cloth. The wide stripes in vivid colors are wonderfully effective in combination with white linen or serge skirts, or, in fact, with lingerie frocks. The models are built on the lines of the hip length and three-quarter Johnnie coats and are just as swagger as they can be. They are very exclusive, and in order to keep them so, the price is kept at $40.00.

The shop which is making a specialty of the awning coats has a charming imported wrap known as the "Elizabethan." It is developed in a sulphur brocaded crêpe and takes its title from the collar suggestive of the ruff worn by Queen Elizabeth. There are two plaits at the foot of the wide panel in the back which produce a slight drapery, and the fronts are gathered to the waist line, in true oriental fashion, where they are fastened with a jet

The Latest Models in Waists

The array of waists is so entrancing and so appalling in variety that one hardly knows which of the fair charmers to single out for mention. An exceptionally dainty model of white voile is given a new twist by a deep collar of an artistic hand-embroidered material in white, lavender, green and black. Bands on the waist are decorated with French knots in the same coloring. It is an unusual model and very reasonably priced at $13.50. For the same price, you may select a blouse of crêpe meteor with discreet touches of gold embroidery, buttonholes piped in blue and crystal buttons of the same pretty shade. A waist of the washable crêpe de chine, displaying hand embroidery, a vestee of Venice lace and a cascade jabot sells for $8.50, while another of the same material with a new sailor collar of dotted ratine can be bought for $5.50.

Among the tailored blouses, there is one of Chinese pongee stitched in black and fastening with black buttons that is priced $5.50. An excellent model, with the long, close-fitting sleeves inset at the neck, and with the yoke formed by a diagonal line running front and back to the shoulder, has the effect of a man's plain shirt bosom in the front fastened with large crystal ball buttons. A pointed turn-over collar finishes the neck, and there are two small revers in the front with buttonhole and button. This style in white moiré, the new summer material, costs $14.75, in white crêpe de chine with a plaited edge which sell for $1.00. A bit of $5. At the same shop, the white crêpe waists with a gay little Jouy design can be bought as low as $2.00.

Dainty Neckwear and Ribbons

The fetching Bulgarian neckwear is now selling for the small sum of $1.25, and ribbons in the Bulgarian colorings, which are wonderfully effective as cravats or hat trimmings, can be purchased for 55 cents a yard. Delightfully dainty are the collars of white crêpe de chine with a pleated edge which sell for $1.00. A bit of color, and a world of chic, can be added by a knot of one of the new Cubist or Futurist ribbons. It is quite as difficult to describe these ribbons as it is to find the clue to the paintings which bear these names. Suffice it to say that they are very new, very smart, and as good-looking as they are grotesque. In the eight-inch width they sell for $1.65 a yard.

A Word on the Understandings

The very latest idea in the realm of footgear is the gray calf-skin shoe which sells for $8.00. To be perfectly correct you should wear with it the black and white, or gray and white, changeable stockings in silk which can be procured for $2.95.

We will gladly give names of shops where goods described may be purchased.
Address The Theatre Magazine *Fashion Dept., 8-14 West 38th Street, New York City.*

There are also good-looking stockings in gray silk with white polka dots, similar to the navy blue silk stockings with white dots which accompany the blue serge suits. These stockings are also sold for $2.95.

To wear with white serge suits when the belt, the parasol and the hat are to reflect the red tone, there are red kid shoes which can be bought for $8. For the same price one may choose a bronze-buttoned boot.

THE FOUNDATION OF THE COSTUME.

The lines of the costumes, though they may follow the newest models, will lose their chic if the gown is worn over an ill-fitting corset. The corset is the foundation of the gown; it must fit the figure if the gown is to show off to the best advantage. The fad for the corsetless figure is not all idle talk. Fashion for the past few years has been demanding supple, light-weight corsets fashioned from the most pliable of materials, yet with body enough to hold the figure, and with as few bones as it is possible to make the corset. Many of the imported tricot corsets are very expensive, but we have been able in this country to manufacture a corset that is the equal—many might say the superior—of the French corset which can be retailed as low as $5. So cleverly is this corset drafted that women of ample measurements can wear it with the satisfying thought that it is becoming, and it is surely the most ideally comfortable corset imaginable. There are other models, higher in price and fashioned from more expensive materials—some particularly lovely ones in the pink tricot, but the workmanship on all of them is the same.

A FEW FASHION HINTS.

To wear under the sheer blouses, there are the most enchanting corset covers, or underbodices. Some are fashioned from shadow lace with a tracery of a green vine on which blossom pastel colored chiffon buds. A ribbon extends over the shoulder, and glimmers in a most tantalizing manner through the transparent veiling of the blouse. It is such a love of an undergarment that it doesn't seem expensive at $2.95. For $1.95 there are similar models in pink or blue crêpe de chine with trimmings of lace, and in net with puffings through which the ribbon is run.

As a petticoat, the crêpe de chine skirt is ideal. It is a gay little creation of pink, or blue, or lavender, with a shadow lace plaited ruffle. The material is so very soft that it clings closely to the figure and gives the minimum of underdressing so desirable to-day. These fetching little petticoats can be bought for $2.95.

There are gloves of every hue—Nell rose, American beauty, beige, gun metal, taupe, gray and, of course, black, and white. An effective contrast is produced by the stitching, embroidery and wide bandelette of white. These gloves are sold at $2.25. At this same shop there is a famous bargain-counter where gloves can be purchased for 95 cents. Odd sizes, gloves with a button missing, lines that it is desirable to close out, an overproduction, etc., are sold on this counter, and the bargains are truly amazing.

The women who purchase silk gloves will be surprised to find a long white silk glove with the portion above the elbow tucked. The effect, while novel, is good on the arm, lending very much the same appearance as an embroidered silk glove, only simpler and more in keeping with a street costume. These gloves are priced $2.25.

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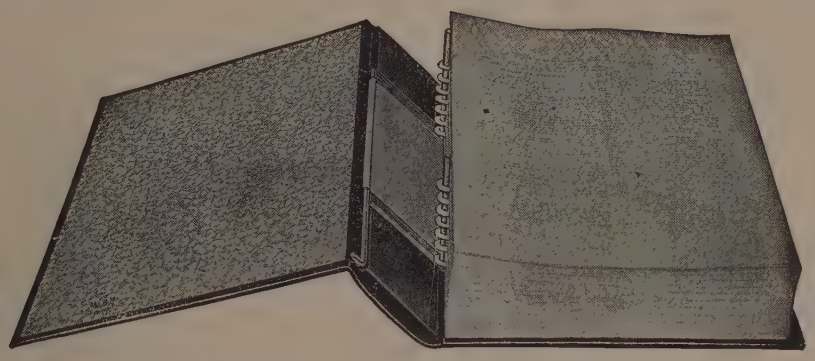

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This issue is, perhaps, the most valuable of the whole year. What the Millinery Number is to Spring hats, this number is to all else a woman wears. It is the final say—the culmination of the Spring mode. Every great designer of Paris is represented with his latest and best offerings—Worth, Paquin, Donnot, Drecoll, Callot, Poiret, Jeanne Hall, Francis. Evolved in the crystallizing and saner mood of the later Spring the models may be safely accepted as the authoritative fashions for 1913.

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We want to relieve you of your dress problems. We are able to and glad to take the burden. We want to help you give your gowns those lines which stamp a model as *exclusive*—those lines which characterize L'Art de la Mode patterns.

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FACTS WORTH KNOWING—(*Continued*)

couldn't get dressed again and keep going. perhaps well into the morning. But just take a bath into which some bath crystals have been scattered, and you will feel like another woman. A sweet odor is always refreshing and revivifying, it soothes the tired nerves, and seems to banish all the cares and troubles which have been harassing. In addition to the soothing qualities of the perfume, there are certain helpful medicinal properties in the other ingredients of the best bath crystals. One of the most appealing bath preparations comes to us from across the ocean, where the perfumed bath is indulged in daily. The fragrance is delightfully alluring, sweet yet refreshing as the orchards in bloom, and subtle rather than insistent, though it lingers like a happy thought, shedding its delicious aroma for hours. As only a tablespoonful is required for a bath, a bottle selling for 75 cents will last for several weeks.

The Coveted Figure

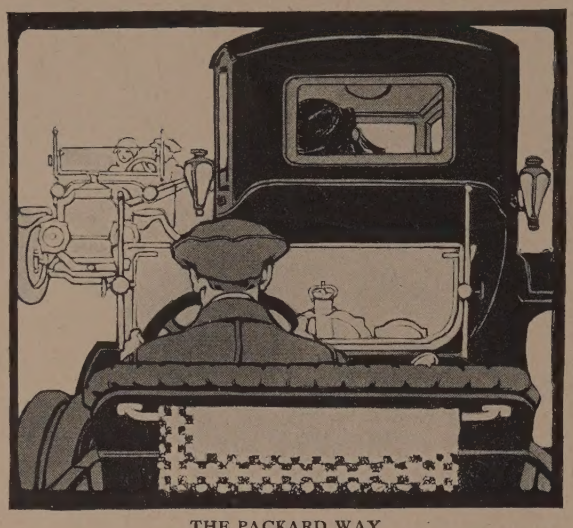
It is useless to cast longing, envious eyes at the new gowns; if you want to wear them and look well in them, you must reduce your figure to the desired proportions. There are various methods of banishing flesh; some are really dangerous and should not be undertaken except under the advice of a physician; others demand so much self-sacrifice that few women are brave enough to continue them to a successful finish. The wearing of rubber undergarments, however, is neither injurious nor disagreeable, and has the added advantage of reducing the flesh in the desired places. Each part of the body has been provided with a rubber covering made from the purest Para rubber and medicated according to a private formula. The idea is that these garments induce profuse perspiration in the part of the body covered which stimulates circulation and eliminates the waste products through the pores. Doctors claim that these garments are perfectly harmless and not weakening. An entire garment covering all the body can be bought for $30, and the different coverings for the various parts of the body in a proportionate rate.

A Tried Innovation

The suppleness of the uncorseted figure is ardently desired by the women who follow the whims of fashion, and, in fact, by every woman who delights in the beauty of the feminine figure. There are, however, few women whose figures are sufficiently lithe and well shaped to permit them to discard corsets entirely. These women will find comfort in the corsets made with a very supple boning that permits of perfect freedom of motion. Instead of being solid, these bones are of wire arranged in a zigzag manner which makes them ideally flexible, light and elastic, yet they will not take a permanent bend. In other words they train the figure, without restraining it, thus producing a graceful, easy carriage, and giving perfect comfort to the wearer. The corsets have all the style and good lines of the cut-to-measure corsets at a very much lower price.

To Aid the Dressmaker

Many women realize that they can have certain clothes made at home at a very much lower cost than at the dressmaker's, and oftentimes very much prettier costumes, because they display certain individual and original touches which distinguish them from the custom-made garment; yet they hesitate to engage a dressmaker because they do not wish to stay at home for numerous fittings. There is no reason why they should not enjoy the home dressmaker, or make fetching little waists and gowns for themselves, without a trace of discomfort, if they will invest in one of the dress forms which is identical to their figure. These dress forms are quite different from those of other days, which were more or less unwieldy and stiff, as they take on the lines of the individual figure, and become just you—you in all your beauty and in all your imperfections. It is sometimes a bit startling to see yourself as others see you, but it is convenient and time-saving when you are dressmaking. This new form is an unleakable air chamber made of specially prepared rubber bloth, moulded into a general semblance of the feminine figure. It is then placed inside a lining, which has been fitted to you individually, and inflated until solid, and there "you" are. By providing different linings, one form may be used for all the members of the family. Dressmaking certainly becomes a pleasure when you possess one of these improved dress forms that can be yours for the small price of $14.



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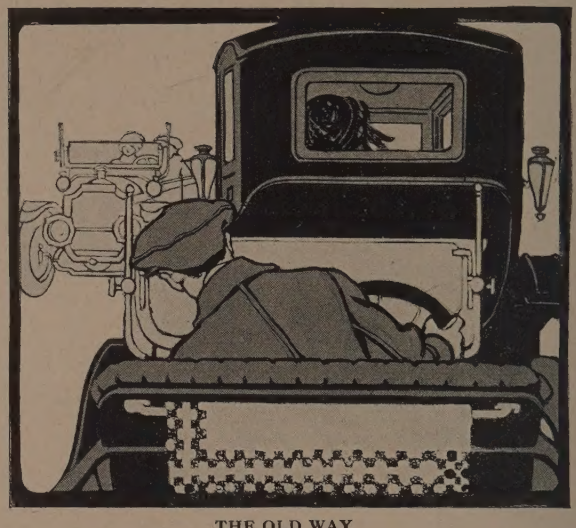

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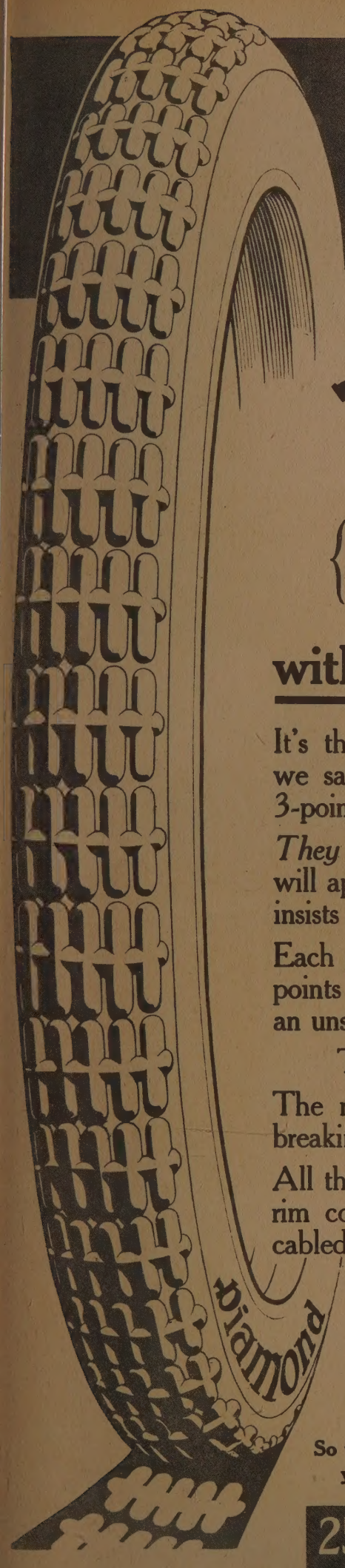

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